

# *PRICKLY PEAR BLOSSOMS*

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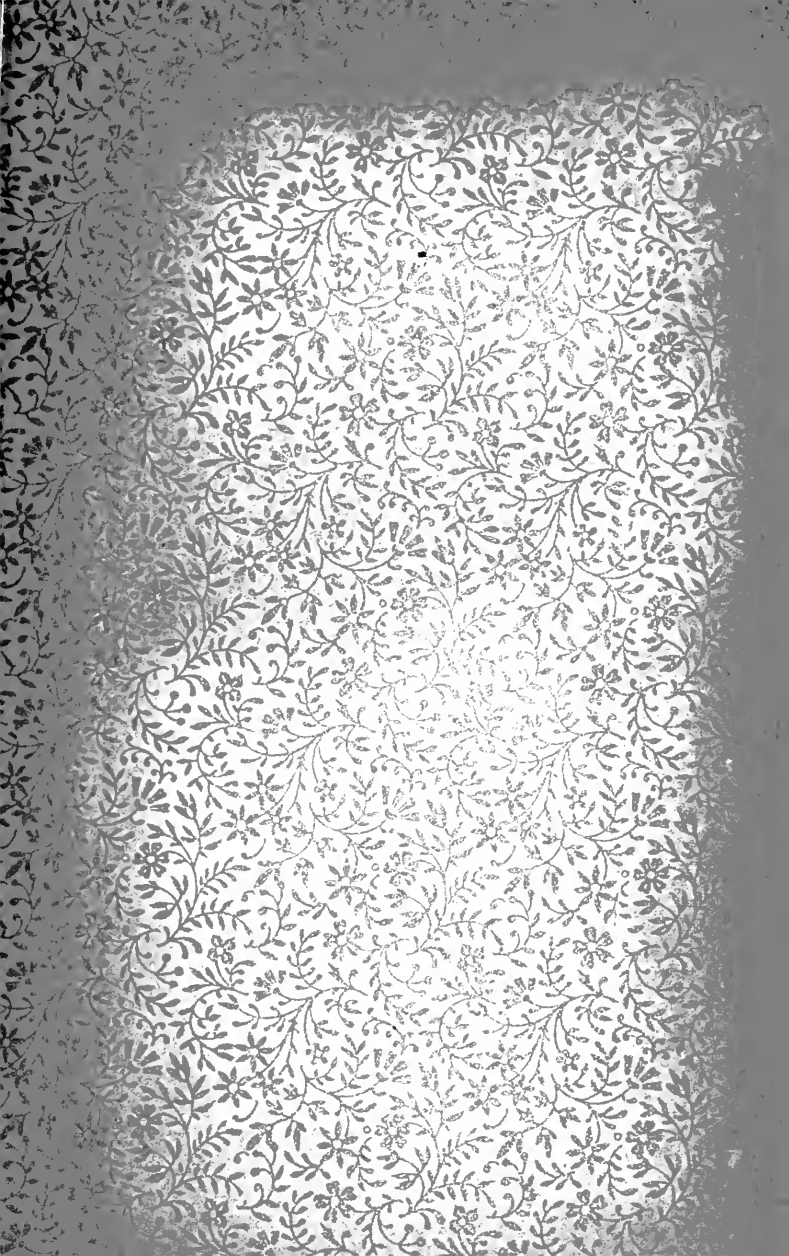
BY  
*W H C NATION*

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Who was

born in 1852

He died in 1902

1852 we heard

PRICKLY PEAR BLOSSOMS

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# PRICKLY PEAR BLOSSOMS

BY  
W H C NATION



EDEN, REMINGTON & CO  
LONDON AND SYDNEY

1893

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## WHAT I SEE, AND WHAT I THINK.

I see in church a smooth-tongued priest  
His congregation's alms implore  
For 'nighted heathen doomed to rest  
In ignorance on Afric's shore ;  
Soon ev'ry eye is filled with tears,  
And ev'ry plate with gold replete,—  
I think of th' awful oaths one hears  
From drunkards in this very street.

I see within a field a crowd  
Around a man of oily face,  
“ I've got a call ! ” he cries aloud,  
And calls himself a “ Child of Grace,”  
And vows that all who dare gainsay  
His creed for Hell are surely bound—  
I think about the donkey's bray  
That greets me from th' adjacent pound.

I see a duchess seek in state  
St. James's, upon drawing-room days,  
A coronet decks her brow elate,  
On either hand bright jewels blaze ;

Her silken robe with *guipures* rare,  
In myriad *ruches* is richly wrought—  
I think of what the work-girls wear  
Who made it in the neighbouring court.

I see prepared with great display  
A banquet meet to celebrate,  
In worthy guise, th' auspicious day  
A squire attains to man's estate ;  
Their pride in such an heir-at-law  
The guests in lengthy speeches own—  
I think about that racking jaw  
Which courtesy bids him bear unknown.

I see a sly, litigious screw  
Bring in a Civil Court a suit,  
To get, by some law-sanctioned do,  
A good round sum with costs to boot ;  
The Judge declares the Jury must  
For Plaintiff find, " So help them, God ! "—  
I think of starving wretches thrust,  
For stealing penny loaves, in quod.

I see delighted throngs o'erflow  
A theatre at Christmas time,  
Whose oft-repeated bravos show  
How popular is the painted mime ;  
They roar with laughter when he speaks,  
And every droll grimace applaud—  
I think about his child's wan cheeks,  
At home by pangs of hunger gnawed.

I see within a solemn square  
A bishop's pompous carriage peer,  
The Jehu grave with powdered hair,  
A brace of lackeys in the rear ;



His lordship's arms in gules and blue  
    (Heaven's own), upon the panels shine—  
I think of twelve apostles who  
    Walked barefooted through Palestine.

I see a general, upon  
    Whose breast gleam stars and ribbons bright  
For many a field his army won,  
    And hostile legions put to flight,  
And threat'ning forts ta'en by assault,  
    His rank and fame at once decree—  
I think of pensioners fain to halt  
    With wooden legs about Chelsea.

I see, sometimes, with air distraught,  
    Fine ladies with the pages play  
Of works that teem with fruitful thought,  
    Or flash with fancy's scintillant ray,  
Till off their laps the volumes fall,  
    For they themselves have dropped asleep—  
I think of the author, and of all  
    The wakeful nights he had to keep!

---

## THE COTTAGE BY THE SEA.

Near yonder Cottage by the Sea  
A garden lies that richly grows  
Lush blooms, and every Monday those  
    I go to see.  
Fresh sprays of haw with warm dew wet  
Relieve the fragrant mignonette,  
And next the long convolvuli,  
The daisy, with its starry eye,  
    Regards the rose.

To yonder Cottage by the Sea,  
On Mondays, sure, I go to see  
    The flowerful close.

In yonder Cottage by the Sea,  
A pair of poodles, foamy white,  
On Tuesdays, for my sole delight,  
    I go to see.

Their tails are curled—it might be said  
Their coats were floss—they're thoroughbred;  
And when, with ears pricked up, they mark  
My steps, they dance about, and bark,  
    But never bite.

To yonder Cottage by the Sea,  
On Tuesdays, sure, I go to see  
    The poodles white.

In yonder Cottage by the Sea,  
Tame merles their vocal skill display,  
Whom every Wednesday, sooth to say,  
    I go to see.

And oft they tune their liquid notes  
To tenderest melodies till the floats  
Of th' Ocean gently rippling seem  
To cadence, 'neath the sun's bright beam,  
    Their dulcet lay.

To yonder Cottage by the Sea,  
On Wednesdays, sure, I go to see  
    The blackbirds gay.

In yonder Cottage by the Sea  
There dwells a lady young and fair,  
Whose deep blue eyes and wavy hair  
    I go to see.

'Tis not to smell the close in flow'r  
That scents the gale on Mondays, nor

On Tuesdays with the dogs to play,  
 Nor Wednesdays for the blackbirds' lay,  
     That I go there.  
 To yonder Cottage by the Sea,  
 Each day I only go to see  
     The lady fair !

---

## A MAD KING.

A King one day with speech so odd  
 The silence of his palace breaks,  
 That ev'ry courtier prone to nod  
 In sleepy state with terror wakes ;  
 "Reforms," quoth he, "without delay  
 To execute, I've got a fad."  
 The courtiers to each other say  
     "The King is mad—the King is mad."

"Worn artisans, who've the whole week through  
 Passed in their dingy homes, complain  
 That picture galleries closed to view  
 On their sole holiday remain ;  
 Henceforward let them open be  
 Each Sunday, and the sight make glad  
 Of those who'd fain Art's Treasures see."  
     "The King is mad—the King is mad."

"To gaol the honest labouring man  
 Is sent because he laid a snare  
 For vermin that his crops o'erran.  
 But that the Squire's covers bear,  
 No license shall he need to slay  
 The birds that fly, the hares that gad,  
 For all men's property are they."  
     "The King is mad—the King is mad."

"Poor citizens pining in sick rooms  
Would soon their shattered health repair  
Could they but breathe the fresh perfumes  
Beyond the town that gorse flow'rs bear.  
None shall a Common now enclose,  
Too long manor-lords the right have had  
The public interests to oppose."  
"The King is mad—the King is mad."

"Those in the pulpit who exhort  
Their poorer brethren to hold  
This world's good things not worth a thought,  
Should fain abhor the lust of gold,  
And that themselves th' example they  
May set, of each right reverend dad  
In future I'll reduce the pay."  
"The King is mad—the King is mad."

"My household's crowded by a swarm  
Of Grooms, Goldsticks, Grand Almoners,  
Who, though no duties they perform,  
Draw revenues from the public purse.  
The people note the Civil List,  
And say 't's allowed by law to pad,  
I'll have such sinecures supprest."  
"The King is mad—the King is mad."

"The secularists in my domains,  
As well as those of many a sect,  
To worship God within the fanes  
Of the Establishment object,  
Wherefore I'll sanction no church rate,  
Nor doctrines men regard as bad  
Force them to pay to propagate."  
"The King is mad—the King is mad."

“ For with this kind of legislating  
I'll show the people I've th' intent,  
By their condition elevating,  
Their stock of happiness to augment,  
And if both Whig and Tory take  
Fright at such measures, I'll a Rad  
The premier of the country make.”  
“ Oh ! the King is stark, staring mad ! ”

---

## GUESSES BY THE WAY.

The noon-tide sun's effulgent ray  
Fills all the vale with luminous sheen,  
Each lowering cloud has passed away,  
No mist obscures the clear serene,  
And grandly glows with opaline dyes  
Of infinite tones, th' ethereal waste—  
Perhaps her bright cerulean eyes  
Upon some new romance are placed.

I meet a drove, whose tinkling bells  
Ring welcome in their merriest peals ;  
From lime-trees of the neighb'ring dells  
The chirr of coy cicadas steals.  
The grove resounds with echoes sweet,  
The concert of the feathered throng—  
Perhaps her tuneful lips repeat  
The burden of some mem'ried song.

I cross the rustic bridge that spans  
The crystal waters of a mere  
Whereon the stately-sailing swans  
In robes of spotless down appear,

And curve their necks with pride to see  
 What witching grace is imaged there—  
 Before her mirror, it may be,  
 She joys to find herself so fair.

The woodbine climbs yon garden rail,  
 Near which the lush tube-roses bloom,  
 And with the fragrance these exhale  
 Is blent a clover-field's perfume ;  
 In groups, amid these varied flowers,  
 Skilled bees their ceaseless labour ply—  
 Her busy hands, perchance, the hours  
 With needlework may occupy.

Beside my path a runnel makes  
 Between its banks a rapid way  
 And cheerly ripples, as it breaks  
 Through weeds that would its free course stay ;  
 Soft skims the dragon-fly along,  
 In pensive wise, its argent breast—  
 My lady broods. Can love guess wrong  
 On whom her lonely thoughts should rest ?

---

## THE GILT' ON THE GINGERBREAD.

Ne'er in one's own true colours to show,  
 In the world how oft obtains esteem,  
 Where dressed-up falsehood's *comme il faut*  
 And naked truths indecent seem ;  
 There gilding's made like gold to shine,  
 For real rosewood there's passed veneer,  
 And all that is not genuine  
 To be so must, at least, appear.

A family of rank, to live in state,  
Deeming it to their station due,  
Keep up a costly country-seat,  
And a high-rented town-house too;  
To pay for which such sums they owe,  
That they from debt are never clear;  
Riches they are without, and so  
To have them they would fain appear.

A parvenu enriched by trade,  
On his drawing-room walls is wont with pride,  
As his family portraits to parade  
Those which an auction-mart supplied;  
And his own name, which to him sounds low,  
For a license to get changed pays dear—  
High Birth he is without, and so  
To have it he would fain appear.

A time-server at a rich man's grave,  
Deep mourning to assume takes care,  
Though to him living no thought he gave,  
But of whom he is now the heir,  
And forces from his eyes to flow  
Full many a crocodilean tear—  
Feeling he is without, and so  
To have it he would fain appear.

A sycophant whose sole aspiration,  
'Tis some snug sinecure to own,  
Is, nathless, in depreciation  
Of himself to speak at all times prone:  
But of those who places can bestow,  
By flattery strives to gain the ear  
Humility he's without, and so  
To have it he would fain appear.

A pharisee in his pew to sit  
On every Sabbath-day is sure,  
While th' offertory plates the benefit  
Of his munificence secure ;  
And yet, to advance his interests, no  
Unscrupulous means does he forswear,  
Religion he's without, and so  
To have it he would fain appear.

---

### A PLACE OF WORSHIP.

To a place of worship I've oft been,  
Veiled by no " dim religious " haze,  
For there the sunlight streaming in  
The stainless vault of Heaven displays.

No masons work is there revealed  
By pointed spire, or convex dome,  
From bells the campanulas yield  
To ring clear chimes the skilled bees come.

There th' highest of high altars made  
By the summit of a hill is found,  
O'er which the turf green velvet's laid  
While gold the broom has broidered round.

There purer odours breathes the rose  
Than fumes that from a censer rise,  
And holier water no font knows  
Than that the lily's cups comprise.

There equalled by no stone-wrought aisle,  
Is that with leafy boughs o'erarched,  
'Neath which expert in ev'ry style  
Of chant the feathered choir is perched.



There the woodlark to sing rejoices,  
Its matins to an air divine,  
Till in the evening hymn their voices  
In harmony merles and throstles join.

There in each many-formed, wave-washed stone,  
Choice sermons plainly read may be,  
While, shaming ev'ry organ's tone,  
Peals the grand anthem of the Sea.

Let who will hold that on set days  
'Tis meet to man-built fanes to go,  
In th' Infinite Church I fain would praise  
Its Maker th' entire week thro'.

---

## A CONVENTIONALLY RESPECTABLE PERSON.

The death in the odour of sanctity of  
A man I've been asked to deplore,  
Who all through his life never did any harm—  
When to do it was out of his pow'r.

To his fellow creatures in offering help  
His promptitude nought could exceed,  
For which in vain to him none ever appealed—  
When they were not of it in need.

How very contented a nature he had  
Is shown by the fact that he ne'er  
Was once heard to make a complaint of a wrong—  
Which others were fated to bear.

How repugnant to flatter must always have been  
To his tastes he was wont to denote  
By striving the favours of no one to gain—  
Who his interests couldn't promote.

How great was the influence 'twas easy to see  
Of the feeling of gratitude on him,  
For never ungrateful to any he proved—  
Save those who a kindness had done him.

He ne'er minded the least how much trouble he took  
For subscriptions to canvass in aid  
Of every kind of benevolent scheme—  
Out of which a commission he made.

And ne'er did he cease to make manifest how small  
Was the value he set on his pelf  
By doling it out with a liberal hand—  
To get what he liked for himself.

And without ever failing on each Sabbath-day  
He made it a rule to repair  
To church in the morning and evening as well—  
That his "brethren" might know he was there.

In short, the proprieties he e'er observed,  
Nor conventional laws disobeyed;  
So was a respectable man deemed by all—  
Who him their model have made.

---

## THE KISS MARKET.

*(Imitated from an old French Pastoral.)*

Fair Rose, whose breast was once inspired  
Far more by greed than tenderness,  
At her adorer's hands required  
His thirty lambs for her one kiss.

But next day, when Love's prices fell,  
The swain a better bargain made,  
For then without demur the belle  
For one lamb thirty kisses paid.

And the day after, grown more tender,  
Fearful the swain of pleasing less,  
Had only been too glad to render  
Her thirty lambs for his one kiss.

While now the foolish girl would even  
With all her fleecy care have bought  
That kiss the am'rous youth has given  
To grateful Violet for naught!

---

## THE BIRD-FANCIER'S FANCIES.

You, Mrs. Clackett, prompt to show  
Where scandalous gossip can be got,  
How yourself slander 'll scape should know,  
Seeing magpies their own nests foul not.  
For City men, e'en now in debt,  
Who in fresh bubble schemes invest,  
Nor under water fear to get,  
These divers will bear interest.

You, loud-voiced preacher, who would take  
The hope of Heavenly bliss from all  
Who dare your bigot creed forsake,  
Will own a goose has got a "call."  
You, bound for pagan Afric's strand  
As missionaries, ignoring quite  
The sins that shame "this Christian land,"  
Will congregate where buzzards light.

You, ravenous plaintiff, who have sued  
Defendant, just because you kenned  
That he was with large means endued,  
Will to a cormorant's caws attend:  
You, grasping lawyer, who know well,  
Having driv'n rich men to litigate,  
Whoever gain, your costs 'twill swell,  
A kite's worth will not underrate.

Gay virgins, who to set are taught  
Your hearts on marrying for gold,  
Nor of your suitors' tastes take thought,  
Will flock where gulls may chance be sold,  
While to that parvenue who knows  
The way to make a high-born peer  
For her rich daughter's hand propose,  
A cuckoo's breed must fain be dear.

You, sir, who'd solely get a seat  
In th' House to satisfy your quest  
Of some snug place, will fitly greet  
A creeper feathering his nest.  
While you, sir, who a title inherit,  
To show your pride in which you're fain,  
And yet have nothing done to merit,  
Will not a popinjay's crest disdain.

Sweet William, you, whose good ship bore  
You safe across the perilous main,  
When once, on leave, you come ashore  
The charms of polls must needs detain.  
Yourself, sir, flattering with the thought  
That if you only build a church,  
For all your sins Heaven's grace is bought,  
You should a trade drive where daws perch.

You, who on cits deal out damnation  
For going by Sunday trains to pay  
The God-made country adoration,  
The worth of noddys can't gainsay.  
And, fanatics, who as outcasts spurn  
Poor players, struggling on the stage  
An honest livelihood to earn,  
Boobies with you'll be "all the rage."

You, carpet-knight, so vain about  
The military rank you've bought,  
Yet who when War's proclaimed sell out,  
A coistril's plume won't set at naught.  
And, huffish blusterers, you who'd cower  
'Neath those whom you with arrogance treat,  
Now that you think they're in your power,  
Will bubblyjocks with fairness meet.

You, sombre daff, those hooting at  
Who would with books free libraries fill  
Which the ignorant may illuminate,  
How church-owls can't bear light can tell.  
And you who that blackcoats believe,  
On being japanned, sins you commit,  
Power to forgive, or not, receive,  
How flycatchers are crammed will weet.

Hard beaks, who peck at homeless wretches  
And Draco-like, with them will deal  
When guilty of slumbering 'neath hedges  
For martinets sympathy will feel.  
While you, wiseacres, who maintain  
That if the Game Laws were repealed,  
Farm labourers would from work abstain,  
To woodcocks deep respect will yield.

You, would-be Senator, whose stale cry  
    "The country in peril!" scares those who attack  
A firework foreign policy,  
    Ravens will of croaking teach the knack.  
By you, who seem so shocked that pubs  
    The poor man should with beer provide,  
Yet wink at swilling "sham" in Clubs,  
    A loon's bill will not be descried.

Accipitrine clerics, who though a store  
    Of benefices you now possess,  
Are on the lay to clutch at more,  
    You when a harpy's gorged can guess.  
And, you whom these, when they espy  
    A rich advowson in your gift,  
Can blind with glaring flattery  
    Won't dottrels think of sense bereft.

You, smooth whitechoker, who distraint  
    The goods of your parishioners who  
From paying what you call "gifts" refrain  
    A stork won't as too downy view.  
And, greedy vicar, who o'er the dead  
    Won't e'en permit the grave to close  
Till th' heaviest burial-fees you're paid,  
    You'll ken on what pounce carrion-crows.

You, pietists, who'd that wealth's a let  
    Have others think to Eternal bliss,  
While rich in shady ways you get  
    Where filled's a harrier's pouch will wis.  
And, featherheads, you on doing intent  
    Like others who the same rank bear,  
Not what best suits your temperament,  
    Where widgeons flock will be aware.

Deep legacy-hunters, you in th' hope  
Of profiting by his devise,  
Who to claw some rich moribund stoop  
Won't duckers in the swim despise.  
You, swift, fair-weather friends, to flee  
From those you sought in days bygone  
Who're a cloud under, *sans* rue'll see  
Swallows adore the rising sun.

You, hapless pair, who're doomed to live  
Long years of ceaseless strife, and pine  
'Neath th' hateful chain you cannot rive,  
In praise of coots must yet combine.  
Whilst you, smug priest, who solemnize  
Their union, and those who'd make  
It null and void anathematize,  
The spot where rooks prey 'll not forsake.

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## AN OLD-ESTABLISHED INN.

An old-established inn I know  
Good board and lodging that supplies  
For little birds that fain would thro'  
The winter season ruralize.

'Tis for a cellar of a stream  
With sparkling water filled possest,  
And without fail each day the same  
Menu provides for ev'ry guest.

And not one drunk could you discover,  
But when the temp'rate meals that quite  
Their appetites suffice are over,  
In giving concerts they delight.

And by none is a candle lit  
Tho' night its darkest shadows spreads,  
But when the bats begin to flit  
All go to sleep on feather-beds.

And no one in advance engages  
The beds that matchless hands have made,  
Yet all will be when Boreas rages  
Screened by the roof with leaves o'erlaid.

And none of being plucked complain,  
And paid in songs their scores must be,  
And no notes but their own are ta'en  
At th' old inn of the Holly Tree.

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## TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

Each baker boasts he sells the whitest of bread,  
Each grocer the blackest of tea,  
Each brewer that none sell ale bitterer than his,  
Each fruiterer such sweet fruit as he.  
In short, that all trades have such tricks is well-known,  
And yet I am sorely afraid  
That both traders and non-traders often resort  
To less innocent tricks of the trade.

A Sabbatist to roll in his well-cushioned brougham  
Through the Park upon Sundays won't fail,  
Nor a ticket to get for the Zoo, on the Works  
Of Nature his sight to regale.  
Yet the trains by which then the toil-worn artisans,  
To breathe fresh country air, are conveyed,  
He'd have stopped for "profaning the Day of the  
Lord,"  
For that is the trick of his trade.



A Maw-worm will go to the house of a friend  
And gorge upon muffins and tea,  
After which to hear hymns by the company sung  
He'll deem it quite godly to be.  
Yet, turning his eyes up, he'll vow that a piece  
Is godless, upon the Stage played,  
And that those who their bread earn by playing it  
are damned,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A felon whom at last Justice managed to nab  
In gaol has just worked out his time,  
And by whom uncommitted, as long as it paid,  
The calendar 'd scarcely a crime.  
Yet on platforms he'll boast he's a better man now,  
Since he has a "convert" been made,  
Than those who have been honest men all their  
lives,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A Draco, who's Justice supposed to dispense  
When before him are brought homeless wretches,  
With them with the Law's utmost rigour will deal  
If they're guilty of sleeping 'neath hedges.  
Yet a vast reputation for charity he'll gain  
By the money he's lavishly paid  
For providing the savage in Afric with blankets,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A clerical beggar declares that no son  
Of the Church who's more faithful he knows,  
Or'd more rightly his bounty direct than a man  
Who's got of a living to dispose.  
Yet, though legion the name of the vices may be  
Which by th' advowee are displayed,  
He will, without scruple, to them shut his eyes,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A rich divine, who'd a fat benefice hold,  
On employing a friend is intent,  
From the patron to buy what to him when 'tis bought  
His go-between friend will present.  
Yet at his institution he'll solemnly swear  
That he ne'er tried the Law to evade  
By giving for the cure the least consideration,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A pluralist, who lives on the fat of the land  
And whom lackeys in purple attend,  
In a carriage whereon his crest's proudly displayed  
To church is seen often to wend.  
Yet he'll from the pulpit declare that the poor  
Must the good things of this world evade,  
Or their interests in t'other 'll in peril be placed,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A smug avowee, who to own a fat cure  
Of the souls of his fellows is fain  
From bartering it, as long as 'tis vacant, for gold,  
Deems it sacrilege not to refrain.  
Yet he'll put in a parson so old or infirm  
That he'll soon in the churchyard be laid,  
That a good price the next presentation may fetch,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A man of high rank, but of limited means,  
Is head and ears over in debt,  
And can bankruptcy only stave off for a time  
By such "tick" as he's able to get.  
Yet he'll not others who may be rolling in wealth  
From trying to rival be stayed  
In the style that he lives, or the company he keeps,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A tuft-hunting father in haste to "arrange"

For his daughter a marriage is prone  
With a man of high rank, though for him he's aware  
That the girl her aversion has shown.  
Yet he'll go about bragging, *sans* shame, that his  
child

He a leader of fashion has made,  
And that thus has her happiness in life been secured,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

A timist for one with whom kinship he claimed,  
While he lived, deemed that best it would pay  
His own interests in life to secure, and advance,  
Not to put himself out of the way.  
Yet now he's got a share of his relative's wealth,  
He'll the depth of his sorrow parade  
By th' amount of deep mourning he's prompt to  
assume,  
For that is the trick of his trade.

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## THE WYCH ELMS ON THE CLIFF.

*(Imitated from the French of ANDRÉ LEMOYNE.)*

The sky was black, like some vast slate (a true  
Sky of the English Channel), and the sea  
Now green as emeralds and now turquoise blue—  
Like some bird made of snow, and soaring free,

In the far distance a white gull, alone,  
Just at that point where sky and ocean meet,  
Skimmed o'er the Channel's surging billows prone  
Each other in their changeless tongue to greet.

While to burst into foam the sea was heard  
Th' old windbeat elm trees three centuries  
through

That on the cliffs have o'er the coast been stirred,  
As they, by night and day, the breakers view,

During that great swell of the sea, whose tone  
Had dirge-like cadences, e'er whisp'ring low  
(As if grave secrets to exchange), leant one  
T'wards the other, then erect again did grow,

And their heads lifting with a terrified air,  
It seemed as though nought could their anguish  
stay.

Ah! did they know where sank the ships, and where  
Drowned 'neath the stagnant wrack the mariners  
lay?

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## THINGS WHICH I CAN'T UNDER- STAND.

I know "what's o'clock," I'm "all there,"  
No green in my eye you'll discern,  
That Queen Anne is dead I'm aware,  
And that none can the river Thames burn,  
And that ducks' milk no dairies supply,  
And that ropes can't be made out of sand,  
Yet I do not pretend to deny  
There are things which I *can't* understand.

'Tis but natural that those who've been pent  
All the week in close factories should fain  
Upon Sundays the fresh blossoms scent  
And list the free singing-birds strain.

But—by trains out of town then to fare  
That a Sabbatist as sinful should brand,  
While he in his brougham takes the air,  
That's a thing which I *can't* understand.

Now, all rational beings are right  
To keep sober at every feast,  
And, whatever one's rank, to get "tight"  
Is simply to act like a beast.  
But—that Swells should be so insincere  
As "sham" at their clubs to command,  
While they'd rob the poor man of his beer,  
That's a thing which I *can't* understand.

Now when you your bounty bestow  
On those who are really in need,  
'Tis clearly the right thing to know  
No distinction of race or of creed.  
But—that missionaries blankets should buy  
For the savage on Africa's strand,  
And of cold let our street arabs die,  
That's a thing which I *can't* understand.

To poach on land others have got,  
Whether it be the park of a squire  
Or a cottager's small garden-plot,  
Is what no honest man would desire.  
But—that he should a felon be made  
For having stray pheasants trepanned  
Which had on his cabbages preyed,  
That's a thing which I *can't* understand.

The man who through life has essayed  
By fair means a livelihood to gain,  
If through ill-luck a bankrupt he's made,  
Must not plead for our pity in vain.

But—that any should with money which **they**  
Have got “upon tick” do the grand,  
And which they’ve no power to repay,  
That’s a thing which I *can’t* understand.

A man who’s of talents possessed,  
And so to employ them is fain,  
As may his fellow-creatures serve best,  
Ought the meed of his labour to gain.  
But—that from the Public a swarm  
Of State-paupers support should demand  
Who no public duties perform,  
That’s a thing which I *can’t* understand.

If the shores of old England t’ invade  
A foreign foe e’er should intend,  
Ev’ry effort, of course, should be made  
Our hearths and our homes to defend.  
But—that heavily we should be taxed  
For sending out armies that land  
May in the far East be annexed,  
That’s a thing which I *can’t* understand.

A man may be wrong in his views,  
And, certainly, all who think so  
Have the right to attempt, if they choose,  
By honest discussion to show.  
But—in countries supposed to be free,  
That he for his creed should be banned  
From taking his seat as M.P.,  
That’s a thing which I *can’t* understand.

Of what once his station might be,  
To feel ashamed no person need,  
By sheer force of merit if he  
In rising above it succeed.

But—that upstarts for those who in their  
Early struggles had given them a hand  
No feeling of gratitude should bear,  
That's a thing which I *can't* understand.

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## THE REAPER'S VICTORY.

(*Imitated from the French of* JULES BRETON.)

With the late harvest's corn, as it o'erflows,  
When, in the sunlight, slow, roll mighty wains,  
Drawn by stout horses with dishevelled manes,  
The land it's glory to the senses shows.

And on his truss the lowly reaper seated,  
As he returns the barn and sheds from stocking,  
With ev'ry jolt of th' heavy axles rocking,  
Feels 'mid the streaming flood of gold elated.

He by a bitter toil has bread obtained,  
Nor fruitless was his struggle, nor blood-stained,  
And blessings on his conquest th' Earth bestows.

Summer it's tawniest carpet wide displays,  
And the triumphant man in th' halo glows  
Of sheaves of ears and sheaves of solar rays.

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## NOSTALGIA OF A DEVONSHIRE APPLE.

As I through Covent Garden on  
An autumn morning chanced to roam,  
Of a store of golden pippins one,  
Methought, did thus lament its home.

- “ Alas ! where once a canopy  
Of opaline tints hung overhead,  
A fog almost too dense for eye  
To pierce, wet-blanket-like, is spread.
- “ Where hills of deep red-brown so bright  
Were wont to look in th’ early dew,  
By soot a row of houses dight  
In uniform black makes drear the view.
- “ Where of calandras the sublime  
Roulades seemed wafted e’en to Heaven,  
‘ Mudlarks ’ are going to grovel in slime,  
For flotsam th’ ebbing Thames has given.
- “ Where of brisk bees wild thyme about  
In search of honey was heard the hum,  
‘ Costers ’ their goods in voices shout,  
Made hoarse with frequent ‘ goes ’ of rum..
- “ Where flop-a-docks in clear harmony rung,  
When by soft south-west breezes stirred,  
Of bells in City steeples swung,  
The dissonant ding-dong is heard.
- “ Where blackcaps hailed with thrills, at break  
Of day, hinds prompt the close to till,  
‘ Fluefakers ’ with their cries awake  
At th’ Hummums those who’d slumber still.
- “ Where jargonel orchards through, the deep  
Rich murmurous notes of segges stole,  
That they’ve to sell ‘ upon the cheap,’  
‘ Black diamonds,’ small coalmen growl.



- “Where budpickers their varied notes  
Piped on my parent tree in bloom  
Monotonous zip-zips from the throats  
Of sparrows in the gutter come.
- “Where from ring-ouzels nesting in  
The turf-tyes rose few notes, but sweet,  
The guards of ‘four-in-hands,’ the din  
They make with post-horns oft repeat.
- “Where versed in many a lively round  
Whitasses on the tors were spied  
Upon a barrel organ’s ground  
The tune of which the old cow died.
- “Where heath poultts with their vocal power  
Ne’er failed the furzy wastes to glad,  
To banjos that are cracked their more  
Cracked voices burnt-corked niggers add.
- “Where singing low their fluty airs  
Were hickmals on reed-crowned shores set  
Of Pans-pipes Punch and Judy players  
With tootling th’ head are skilled to split.
- “Where chirped dishwashers hovering nigh,  
Girls laving linen in the becks,  
The squeaking out of fiddles by  
‘Gutscrapers’ drawn their audience vex.
- “Where burst forth wild fantasias from  
Gladdies that sought the noon-sunned corn,  
Of pianos on which schoolgirls strum  
The rumbling’s through oped windows borne.

“Where breathed within a deep holm dell,  
Each dove its coo to soothe so prone,  
Performers on hautboys one feel  
‘Down in the mouth’ make with their drone.

“Where given each firetail’s lullaby was  
To those who’d seek its haunt secluded,  
Of trumpeters the sounding brass  
Is on unwilling ‘drums’ obtruded.

“Where, with citharean melody, stares  
Made e’en the rugged mouths less lone,  
From Jews-harps are lugubrious airs  
By Modern Babylon’s waters blown.

“Where o’er a glaucous land-locked bay  
The blithe musettes of sea-larks floated,  
On bag-pipes bands of soldiers play  
Tunes one ‘the blues’ for giving noted.

“Where playing a mellow drum upon  
A beech-tree yaffingales were found,  
Hawkers their fruity-stock make known  
By rub-a-dubs that the welkin stound.

“Where, in their reels o’er palms that clear  
Brooks fringed, skimmed many a lithe cicale,  
The slush-deep ‘pitches’ th’ impress bear  
Of steps that from sword-dancers fell.

“Where canzonets midst the evergreen  
Fir-groves throughout the year cuddians trilled,  
Swifts groves of chimneys twitter in  
Only when not by Winter chilled.

“ Where in an aisle with lime boughs arched  
Siskins choice orisons intoned,  
On the bleached roof of Paul's fane perched  
Daws, th' ear with stridulous jack-jacks wound.

“ Where was mid chestnut mast to strain  
Each oriole prompt its tuneful throat  
To sell their nucean cooked mess, men  
Seek with the guttural croak, ' All 'Ot !'

“ Where pipits in a copse would fain  
Their douce, though plaintive, ditties troll,  
As a lure customers to gain  
' Toss for a penny ' piemen howl.

“ Where full notes pouring, nests for their  
Young brood grosbeaks with down lined thro',  
Of hooknosed chapmen bags that bear,  
Vented's the nasal grunt, ' Ole Clo.' ”

“ Where forth mellifluous notes, as they  
Their couches made, did haybirds send,  
Itinerant joiners ' on their lay '  
Are clamouring ' Old Chairs to Mend.' ”

“ Where of shrikes was each bullhorn hood  
With the shrill alto notes replete,  
By butchers who'd their feline food  
' Get shot of ' 's raised the shriek, ' Catsmeat !'

“ Where tiddly goldfinches their neat  
Nests calmly were at work upon,  
Of ' hands ' who a new stucco street  
Are ' knocking up ' the hammerings stun.

- “ Where th’ handsome plumes to Nature due,  
Jays with a natural pride displayed,  
‘ Dudes ’ swagger the Piazza through,  
‘ Toffed up ’ in ‘ togs ’ by ‘ snips ’ purveyed.
- “ Where cones in plenty each pine-tree  
Was pleased on culvers to bestow,  
Blue Rocks are foraging doomed to be  
In cabranks th’ horses’ heels below.
- “ Where hardy rooks nests used to build  
Midst the tall, pyramidal elm-trees,  
A nursery human rookeries yield  
For squalid want and foul disease.
- “ Where formed long, narrow drangs all spread  
With travellers joys a welcome way,  
Blind alleys only serve to lead  
A lated stranger’s steps astray.
- “ Where through its native combe swift rolled  
A leet its lavish waters down,  
The scant supplies a cart can hold  
Are o’er the road in droplets strown.
- “ Where scampered ’cross a moor’s uneven  
Rough boulders cobs of foot so sure,  
The ‘ neddies ’ that in ‘ slants ’ are driven  
Oft trip the smooth Macadam o’er.
- “ Where frolicsome foresters without fear  
Disported in a tangled glade,  
Through wood-work of the stalls ‘ small deer ’  
Their way with stealthy footsteps thread.

- “Where on rich pasture-lands a breed  
Was raised of splendid plum-red cows,  
A drove of sheep's *en route* to feed  
On grass a Lubberland Park grows.
- “Where made a junket's wealth of cream  
For daintiest tastes a rare regale,  
Of 'Simpson' a small can to brim  
Is milked the cow with th' iron tail.
- “Where butter in its hue competed  
With cuckoo buds that gilt the leas,  
Pale, tallowy 'bosch' seems only fitted  
A market-waggon's wheels to grease.
- “Where sparkling cyder each dry swain,  
Without inebriating, gladdened  
Too many a cit who takes a drain  
Of 'lightning' by a headache's maddened.
- “Where bilberries their clusters ripe,  
To all who'd gather them conveyed  
In 'specks,' each warranted to gripe,  
Is carried on a roaring trade.
- “Where reared by th' healthy salt sea foam  
Kale a nutritious esculent bore,  
Coarse salad's made lambs-lettuce from,  
Grown on a suburb's swampy shore.
- “Where flowering brackens o'er a wold  
Their fronds in prasinous wavelets scattered,  
The fungus quickens in the mould  
That has on 'builder's rubbish' gathered.

“Where with their fresh charms delicate Besses  
Bright th’ old time-worn ramparts made,  
Each ‘jerry-building’ falls to pieces  
On which the hedge-mustard hold has laid.

“Where none-so-prettys germinated  
Their blooms o’er all a champion wide,  
Within Cockayne ‘cat-walks’ located,  
Is forced to blow the London Pride.

“Where bent, with yellowish gems glassed in  
A crystal rill, were lents to bud  
Black th’ orachs with their leaves that line  
Th’ Embankment look upon Thames mud.

“Where came forth lady-smocks delighted,  
In pure white, to enrobe a mead,  
The shrubberies in squares are blighted  
By shepherds’ purses o’er them spread.

“Where by Atlantic gales unshent,  
Throve gilliflowers on surge-lashed rocks,  
Only when ‘neath glass coverings pent  
Can dare to burgeon Brompton stocks.

“Where to bloom yellow rockets broke  
In fields, by drizzly warm rain nurst,  
Upon waste places, dried by smoke,  
Each London rocket dies of thirst.

“Where peering up the sprays between,  
In eglet hedges pixies sprang,  
The goosefoots vegetating in  
A shady ‘slum,’ their heads down hang.

- “ Where the free air white myrtle blooms,  
Loaded with their ambrosial breath,  
Rank smells are wafted from the fumes  
By ‘ rattlers ’ belched the ground beneath.
- “ Where crocuses on garden beds,  
With pinks and violets vigorous shot,  
Parched potted plants upon the leads  
Of th’ heated Bedford greenhouse rot.
- “ Where lighted on a sprig of briar  
Of lady-bugs the innocent brood,  
Through cracks in ‘ shallows ’ grimed with mire  
Crawl ‘ heavy dragoons ’ athirst for blood.
- “ Where spry stag-beetles in the sun  
Their wings its light reflecting spread,  
Cockroaches to dark corners run  
Of kitchens, on whose stores they’re fed.
- “ Where skippers lightly rose and-fell,  
As o’er th’ harts-clover blooms they played,  
Gorging white cabbage—butterflies pill  
The leaves e’en that their cradles made.
- “ Where emperors of nectarean sweets  
On climbing roses took their fill,  
Hard fare each ‘ Camberwell Beauty ’ gets  
From creeping Jennies o’er a sill.
- “ Where dragon-flies, glorified, arose  
From many a pond’s pellucid bed,  
On garbage that the mart o’erflows  
The maggots of blowflies are bred.

- "Where to guide those who wandered late  
A lamp benignant glow-worms bore,  
Red ants, whose sole desire's to sate  
Their greed, the saccharine wares run o'er.
- "Where quired a clear concerted piece,  
Green linnets on a larch tree top,  
With marrow-bones and cleavers is  
By boys a charivari kicked up.
- "Where vocal with the dulcet lay  
Of redpoles was each aller brake,  
The Savoyards with strains which they  
From vielles wring harsh echoes wake.
- "Where midst the curled-leaved oaks were prone  
Whitethroats boon vesper hymns to chant,  
'Whitechokers' tramp the square, and groan  
Through psalms which teem with dismal cant.
- "Where imbosked in the keer friths thrushes  
Joyed charming serenades to give,  
The whistles of the 'cads' of busses  
The fares they'd get distracted drive.
- "Where th' accents of woodlarks th' air thro',  
Vibrated clear as silver bells  
Of muffin-men their rounds that go,  
A tintinnabulary jangle tells.
- "Where tawny owls to greet were bent  
With pensive hoos, the calm moonrise,  
By a velocipede's hooters rent  
Are fitfully th' affrighted skies.



“Where sheery mice in silence flitted  
From peaceful towers each stilly eve,  
The gale is swelled with yells emitted  
By ‘rowdies’ ‘boozing kens’ that leave.

“Where fern owls down amid the brush  
Courtied their mates with purrings tender,  
The ‘caterwauls’ of every puss  
Up on the tiles Night hideous render.

“But woe is me! as if I more  
Could want for filling Misery’s cup,  
Broken I feel will be my core  
On finding how I am cut up!”

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## FLOTSAM OF THE SEA.

*(Imitated from the French of ANDRÉ LEMOYNE.)*

E’en as some deep-toned organ murmuring e’er,  
The Breton stones and Norman sands along,  
Sans care the sea, the blind sea’s ever flung  
Its heaps of flotsam old and alga sear.

Yet may some of that refuse floating there,  
Stranded, when ebbs the tide, upon the beach,  
Speak of some boat or some old ship of which  
By none had aught been heard for many a year.

The Norman or the Breton fish-wife who  
By the wild sea’s intent her way to ply  
In quest of flotsam dreads the strident cry  
Come o’er the eagle from th’ ill-omened mew,

And stops her work forgot, and, musing, stays,  
When with her rake the orts are gathered up  
Of some old jury-mast or time-worn top,  
The bar which turned a rudder in past days,

A bit of planking, but some used board's end,  
She's passed by oft without regarding it,  
And, then, one day the sun being nigh to set,  
She finds it two-thirds hid in slime and sand.

Something writ on that waif her eye does strike,  
In coloured and large type though nigh  
effaced,  
And now it seems that she some mystery's  
traced,  
Troubling her reason and her heart alike.

'Tis of a word the fragment hard to read—  
Is it her patois? But three letters there,  
Three letters—th' end or the beginning, clear,  
'Tis of a name—name once a great ship had.

Poor creature! Scarce can she herself sustain;  
Of yore when with full sail he put to sea,  
Yout'ful, and fairest midst the fair was she,  
But white her tresses have become since then.

Silent, the waif she carries, having dried  
Upon her shawl her eyes with weeping wet,  
And thinks of the absent love one can't forget,  
By the wild sea, above all, at ebb-tide.

The Breton stones and Norman sands along,  
Where flotsam old is found with alga sear,  
E'en as some deep-toned organ murmuring  
e'er,  
The flood and ebb-tide chant a funeral song.

## WHAT THE CHURCH BELLS SAID.

I saw upon a Sabbath day,  
As near an ancient fane I tarried,  
A crowd towards it wend their way,  
Each one of whom a prayer book carried.  
And, as the porch each devotee  
With solemn footsteps entered in,  
The bells above appeared to me  
Words in their ears like these to din :  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
From you we've been long, we've been long  
Wont to steal.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
That's what you're now told by each peal.

The tenth of your fruit-bearing trees,  
The tenth sheaf of the crops you mow,  
The tenth of butter, eggs, and cheese,  
And the tenth pig, and lamb, and cow,  
The tenth, in short, of all the gain  
That you've by honest farming made,  
The rector, grabbing, will maintain  
That tithe's a debt to Heaven repaid.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
From you we've been long, we've been long  
Wont to steal.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
That's what you're now told by each peal.

From each poor member of their flock,  
As sure as Easter-tide's at hand,  
The pastors will what with a mock  
Politeness are called "gifts" demand.

And these to pay, when due, should he  
Refuse, if they could not distraint  
The poor man's goods, they that 'twould be  
Robbing the poor man's church complain.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
From you we've been long, we've been long  
Wont to steal.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
That's what you're now told by each peal.

The dignitary in his carriage, in state,  
From his grand parsonage hither rides,  
The keep of which an annual rate  
On your hard earnings raised provides,  
Yet in the pulpit will contend  
That if on voluntary aid  
He'd for his revenues to depend,  
Religion 'twould through him degrade.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
From you we've been long, we've been long  
Wont to steal.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
That's what you're now told by each peal.

The pluralist who ne'er duty did  
In any living that he retains,  
Pretends were he by Law forbid,  
So that endowed may be new fanes,  
Out of the Funds large sums to take,  
And you, who've money in them, bleed  
Of finding means provision to make  
For the cure of souls that there'd be need.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
From you we've been long, we've been long  
Wont to steal.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
That's what you're now told by each peal.

Then, when your weary life is spent,  
And you're to seek your last long rest  
In the bosom of Mother Earth intent,  
The vicar 'll at the grave protest  
That if no rite for which there must  
A heavy fee to him be paid  
Be gone through o'er your senseless dust,  
'Twill in unhallowed ground be laid !  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
From you we've been long, we've been long  
Wont to steal.  
You churchgoing throng, you churchgoing throng,  
That's what you're now told by each peal.

---

## A WRECK.

*(Imitated from the French of H. COMIGNAN.)*

Yon is the sea—the beach our feet below  
Naked and white ; th' horizon seems to fly  
Like a dart, long and black, and no clouds show  
In th' Heavens which the sun illumines with joy.

And in the beach's midst a skeleton  
Lies stretched out, mighty, shapeless, and alone,  
And, standing out black 'gainst the azure ray,  
Looks in th' immensity quite castaway.

Yet 'neath its white sails only yesterday  
O'er the green wave through which it cut its way,  
'Twas a fine brig in gaily bounding skilled,  
But the storm burst and the Heavens with darkness  
filled.

And in that skeleton wave-washed, and black,  
Of yesterday's good ship you see the wreck !

## SPIRITUAL SPECULATION.

'Tis said that to a church wherein  
The image of St. Michael may  
With Satan 'neath his feet be seen  
An aged woman took her way.

There, having next his saintship placed  
As for a devotee was fit  
One taper, she was fain, in haste,  
Another next Sir Deuce to set.

And when herself denounced she heard  
For that she by the latter deed  
On Satan honour had conferred,  
She thus in her defence did plead :

“ As to which world I cannot tell  
That I, when my life here is o'er,  
Shall go ; it seemed to me as well  
A friend in each one to ensure.”

Yet many more shrewd than this poor crone,  
Who're ever prompt to wink at evil,  
When wrought by those who patronage own,  
Like ner, hold candles to the Devil.

---

THE FIRST OF THE SINGING  
BIRDS.

*(Imitated from the French of J. PETIT SENN.)*

Your voice no melody can bestow,  
Douce bird, whom Man a chaffinch names,  
Of the most smiling season though  
Th' approach it joyously proclaims.

You of the cold's reign stand in fear,  
And fain its ending to descry,  
To say thus to the Spring appear,  
"I sing—so you should, now, draw nigh."

In Winter when no lark will sing,  
On the sear top of th' hawthorn tree,  
One sees your silhouette fluttering,  
And your small beak stir restlessly.

For th' atmosphere less chilly grown,  
And one pale solar ray, and o'er  
The plain a glimpse of verdure shown,  
Your dormant voice to wake have power.

Sudden, it pierces through the mists,  
With accents jerky, quick, and gay,  
And holding notes and crotchet rests  
'Twere vain to seek in your glad lay.

Linnets, blackcaps, and philomels some  
Like better—I'll not question that—  
Granted the brilliant notes that come  
At times from them's a sharp or flat.

But for th' impatient heart that longs  
The radiant Spring-time to recall,  
Ah! the first bird that gives its songs  
Is that which sings the best of all.



## ACTING ON THE SLY.

A smooth priest, of a fatter cure,  
Being envious, isn't slow  
T'extol a scamp who when of age  
Will have one to bestow,

But, then, to pay back what in Hells  
The advowee's expended  
The coveted church-property  
In th' Auction Mart is vended.

So he couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it;  
It's not because he wouldn't or because he didn't try.  
He couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it;  
So people always don't succeed through acting on  
the sly.

A sycophant's with flattery prone  
To please some millionaire  
Through life, in th' hope at his decease  
Of being made his heir,  
But, when the Will is read, with grief  
That's real, his bosom swells  
On hearing all Testator's wealth  
Is left to someone else.

So he couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it;  
It's not because he wouldn't or because he didn't try.  
He couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it;  
So people always don't succeed through acting on  
the sly.

A place-hunting M.P. ne'er fails  
To vote upon the side  
Of those in power, each time the House  
Is called on to divide,  
But just as some snug sinecure  
A vacancy impends in  
The Government he'd truckled to  
It's resignation sends in.

So he couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it;  
It's not because he wouldn't or because he didn't try.  
He couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it;  
So people always don't succeed through acting on  
the sly.



A youthful spendthrift, with the view,  
His empty purse to line,  
Weds an old hag whose fortune is  
Invested in a mine.  
But just as he's an interest  
Got in the speculation  
He finds the Company working it  
Go into liquidation.  
So he couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it ;  
It's not because he wouldn't or because he didn't try.  
He couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it ;  
So people always don't succeed through acting on  
the sly.

A trading knave hopes that with him  
All those his church attending  
Will deal when on restoring it  
So much they see him spending.  
But when 'tis found that borrowed 'twas  
From those who now won't trust him,  
To 'scape whom from the place he bunks,  
They elsewhere take their custom.  
So he couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it ;  
It's not because he wouldn't or because he didn't try.  
He couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it ;  
So people always don't succeed through acting on  
the sly.

A would-be advowee to buy  
The patronage makes speed,  
Of a cure of which th' incumbent seems  
A hopeless invalid.  
But soon his health improves, and he  
With each advancing year  
More vigorous grows, and, in the end,  
Outlives the purchaser.

So he couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it ;  
It's not because he wouldn't or because he didn't try.  
He couldn't get it, no, he couldn't get it ;  
So people always don't succeed through acting on  
the sly.

---

## THE DAYS THAT ARE GONE.

*(Imitated from the French of ANDRÉ THEURIET.)*

Green again the woods grow ;  
At noon soft rays appear,  
Glide the foliage below  
And the moss with gold cheer.  
One might say that one could  
The turf shoot and the bud  
Break into bloom hear.

On the pond's margin where  
Quivers each daffodil,  
The buck beans floating their  
Cups half-opened reveal.  
Pecker with nuthatch joined,  
'Gin the pale and smooth rind  
Of the birches to peel.

In the thicket a lay  
To pour warblers are fain,  
'Tis a song short, but gay,  
Which they e'er sing again.  
Merle, finch, oriole, and eke,  
Linnet in cadence quick  
Are to take up the strain.

But down where most deep's  
The glad coppice, anon,  
Like an echo that weeps,  
There arises a tone ;

Of the cuckoo distressed  
'Tis the voice oft expressed,  
The monotonous moan.

When the nests agitated  
Are thrilling with joy,  
Do you know what created  
That anguish, and why  
That profound sigh should be,  
That seems ever to flee,  
Yet returns constantly ?

Of the days that are over,  
Of the dead you forget,  
'Tis the voice you discover  
In the shady retreat,  
To the sun and blue sky,  
As it bids a good-bye,  
That's with sorrow replete.

And says, " Branches so green,  
Think of leaves now decayed ;  
Young girls than whose skin  
Fairer peach ne'er displayed,  
Lads who court them and joy  
Feel when springtime is nigh,  
Think of graves newly-made !"

---

## JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

A manchineel thought it grand to sneer  
Thus at a cactus planted near :  
" Who, my rough neighbour, can you e'er  
Suppose your shoots to cull would care,  
Dight as they are with prickles made,  
But th' hand to wound that's on them laid.

Now I a fruit with skin as fair  
As is a Lady Apple's bear,  
And scent so fragrant that to invite  
'Twon't fail the daintest appetite."

"Yes, frankly, I admit what you  
Allege," the cactus said, "is true;  
Yet those who'll patience have will find  
A sound heart 'neath my rugged rind,  
And fruit that, though 'tis thus concealed,  
A sweet and delicate flavour 'll yield,  
While your fruit's spongy pulp secretes  
An oily juice that in deceit's  
So practised that, insipid though  
At first it may be found, 'twill grow  
So caustic that 'twill soon begin  
Lips, palate, and tongue at once to skin,  
And, hence, if you're not too high grown,  
The truth of this plain saw you'll own;  
So the wine's good that's in it, what  
The vessel may be matters not."

---

## AN OLD VAGABOND.

*(Imitated from the French of BÉRANGER.)*

Here, in this ditch I'll life give o'er  
Now I'm old, worn, and wearied out.  
"He's drunk," the passers-by feel sure,  
'Tis better so! they'll mourn me not.  
I some who turn aside survey  
And some who at me halfpence shy  
Make to the *fête*, with speed, your way  
An old vagabond, without you I can die.

Yes, here of age must I expire  
Since hunger no one kills, they say,  
Though of my woes 'twas my desire  
The almshouse should the end allay.  
But ev'ry ward's in each replete,  
The People's lot is so forlorn  
I'd, alas ! no nurse but the street,  
An old vagabond, I die where I was born.

I could by robbery have grown rich,  
But to hold out the hand was fain,  
At most, I have some codling which  
Had on the roadside ripened ta'en.  
Yet oft into the blackhole I  
Have in the Sovereign's name been cast,  
And spoiled of my sole property,  
An old vagabond, the sunlight's mine, at least.

Has the poor man a fatherland ?  
How benefit me your stacks of corn,  
Your glory in war, your commerce, and  
Your orators that the House adorn ?  
When in your walls his arms laid low  
You of your goods the foreigner bled,  
I, fool-like, tears was prompt to show,  
An old vagabond, 'twas his hand gave me bread.

As if I were some insect vile  
Harsh world, on me you've set your heel.  
Why not have taught me how to toil,  
A labourer for the common weal ?  
Sheltered against Fate's adverse wind  
The worm into an ant could grow,  
And I, the friend of humankind,  
An old vagabond, I die your bitter foe.

## A PARASITE.

Although at every Christmastide  
Within our homes 'tis glorified,  
And that to break 'twas thought, of yore,  
A witch's spells it had the pow'r,  
And dire diseases was so famed  
For curing that 'twas All-heal named,  
And that its berries so spotless show,  
A parasite is the mistletoe,  
Regardless if, so it may rise,  
Its course be straight or otherwise,  
And ready, without shame, to feed  
On juices other plants concede,  
And with its glutinous bark supplying  
A snare for volatiles decoying,  
Thus all positions sycophants  
Accept, which may themselves advance,  
Thus at the cost to live are prone  
Of others rather than their own,  
And, by their unctuous natures, they  
Thus to gull featherheads find a way.

---

## THE DEAD FISHERMAN'S CHILD.

*(Imitated from the French of ANDRÉ LEMOYNE.)*

A fisherman's little daughter, who  
Had nine or ten springs seen at most,  
From the cliff's foot's intent to view  
The waves in foam break 'gainst the coast.

Her black attire is poor enow,  
But her resplendent locks of gold  
Blended with moire reflections show,  
Which charmed the passers-by behold.

Though doomed to weep so young, one yet  
May from the fixed look in her eyes  
Divine that th' orphan can how great  
Her cause for sorrow realize.

The trial was hard indeed for her.  
North of Newfoundland's shore last May,  
Aboard a whaling three-master,  
Was her kind father castaway.

And her fond widowed mother now  
To go has also been compelled  
To the cold country that below  
A scanty trodden-on sod's concealed.

Poor little black-dressed child! To me  
She says, "This Gran has e'er refused  
To credit; through excess, you see,  
Of grief, her reason's got confused.

"And there upon the strand she sits,  
Near the big dog that sometimes whines,  
And sometimes meditative gets,  
For it too long the voyage finds.

"The good old dame to hope e'er prone,  
At evening's wont a prayer to make,  
That the three-master of her son  
May in th' horizon Dawn o'ertake.

"And cries, as each ship heaves in sight,  
'That's his which I o'er there discern,'  
And to answer my heart fails me quite,  
'I know that he will ne'er return.'"

## A FINE SHOW AND A SMALL CROP.

An Indian chestnut tree that gay  
Was flowering 'neath the vernal ray  
Said, with a supercilious air,  
To a fig-tree, "Pray, what could you bear?  
Your fruit (if aught on you can grow)  
Must wilted be, for you don't blow."  
To which at once, this answer fit  
Th' insulted fig-tree made to it:  
"Although my flowers enclosed are found  
Within my fruit, none is more sound,  
While you to cover fain the sward  
With blossoms, useless fruit afford,  
Which 'tis essential oft in lye  
To wash, and, then, with patience, dry  
And pour off, ere 'tis fit for use  
It's bitter taste that it may lose,  
Proving to those who trust in you  
That small's the crop though fine the show."

---

## TRIED IN THE FIRE.

*(Imitated from the French of F. OYEX.)*

E'en on the day that thou first see'st the light,  
What weighty needs thy humble bed oppress;  
Thy mother thee to shield from wintry blight,  
The down of birds regards with covetousness;  
Upon her breast, alas! too often dry,  
The tears fall and thy baby face make wet,  
From life's day break, thou child of drudgery,  
Although to suffering doomed, be honest yet!



Thou needest to grow hardy and inure  
Thyself to cold, and, though thy feet it freeze,  
Thy youthful steps accustom to be sure,  
When passing through the peril of th' icebound  
leas ;  
When carrying firewood thy poor hearth to cheer,  
While the sharp pangs of hunger thee beset,  
Thou reachest home, but to find no food there,  
Although to suffering doomed, be honest yet !

When on thy pallet sickness lays thee low,  
And death's approach no longer can be stayed,  
Nor with remorseful tears thine eyes o'erflow,  
Nor in thy look's a sign of fear displayed,  
Thou diest in peace since thou th' eternal joy  
That's promised to the just dost ne'er forget,  
E'en if in this world th' heirs of misery,  
Although to suffering doomed be honest yet !

---

## ON STILTS.

A mole, most of whose days had spent  
Below the ground in burrowing been,  
So, little had, 'twas evident,  
Of what the upper crust's like seen,

As he, one July morning, fell  
Into a lynx's company, they  
Agreed to ramble through a dell  
Which at a lofty hill's foot lay.

When, soon his small eyes raising, he  
"Look !" to his comrade cried, "sure, none  
Than those two giants could taller be  
That yonder hill are coming down."

“ Ah ! though to you colossal shown  
Now,” the clear-sighted lynx replied,  
“ You’ll find them human tadpoles on  
Stilts walking, when they’re at your side.”

Thus many in high positions placed,  
Afar viewed, seem o’er you to top,  
Who, once they’re by you closely faced,  
Are seen to be on stilts stuck up.

---

## THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE.

*(Imitated from the French of H. COMIGNAN.)*

On the open sea ! The cat-head man exclaims,  
“ A starboard, fire ! At the helm look out,  
To windward, steersman, ply. Land ! See, there  
flames  
In the black Heaven’s depth a small white spot.”

The brig sails gaily and with confidence till glows  
The dawn, meanwhile bent nigh the road to get,  
And then, lo ! by degrees, the lighthouse grows  
In sight, white, straight, and on the rock firm set.

And plainly visible in the Orient beams  
Looks o’er the sea that with waves heaving seems.  
A lion at an oak’s foot in sleep bound.

Let the next tempest come, and, raging round,  
Th’ horizon with it’s lowering look embrace,  
It the old lighthouse will unbending face.

## ON THE OTHER SIDE.

It's reverse every medal's got,  
No one a thornless rose e'er sees,  
Without a shell there grows no nut,  
And no wine's made devoid of lees,  
These saws are each with truth replete,  
And no less can it be denied  
That whate'er has one side has yet  
Another side.

On a Bank holiday, a dude,  
Being in a tramcar, feels elated  
That, *en route*, a fair milliner should  
It enter, and next him get seated,  
But while to spoon her he is fain,  
And with his killing looks she's eyed,  
His purse is by a diver ta'en  
On the other side.

A coward, with insolence, is prone,  
One who'd ne'er him provoked to attack,  
And who, retaliating, on  
His right cheek fetches him a crack,  
But, as like jam, he feels it grow,  
With rage intent his foe to hide,  
He turns, and gets a heavier blow  
On the other side.

An avowee a living, quick,  
Has, at a sale of fat ones, bought  
Of which th' incumbent being so weak,  
One foot to have in the grave is thought,  
But when to health the moribund's seen  
Restored, and like to old age to bide,  
He'll of the Mart's door wish he'd been  
On the other side.

A place-hunting M.P., whene'er  
Rings the Division bell, is sure  
Throughout each Session to appear,  
Giving his vote for those in pow'r,  
But just when being with the sweets  
Of Place by Ministers supplied,  
They're forced of the House to take their seats  
On the other side.

A Jingo to maintain is glad  
That armies promptly should be sent  
Some prosperous foreign state t' invade,  
His fatherland's prestige t' augment,  
But when, in hosts, the enemy  
Is face to face with him descried,  
He'll of their cannon long to be  
On the other side.

A sycophant who, to pay court bent,  
To some dead millionaire had been  
To hear his last Will read, content,  
The House of Mourning enters in,  
But when for him it is explained  
The Will does not a doit provide  
He'll swear he'd have as lief remained  
On the other side.

---

## THE POOR TOAD'S NOCTURNE.

*(Imitated from the French of JULES BRETON.)*

The night as yet is with vague pallors blent,  
The rising star its reflex throws that in  
The still mere's blurred, where frogs are wallow-  
ing seen,  
The fields and woods have no more shape or tint.

With their cups closed the flowers are drowsing  
now,

Dim, veiled in the fog's midst which it bewets,  
Heaven's sickle hides its horn and rusty gets,  
The mist the pearls its tears make sheds below.

The constellations hardly are awake,  
And the birds cowering 'neath the foliage black,  
Their beaks beneath their wings to rest are prone,

And while Life, still and animate, deep sleep share  
Long, from the douce and pensive pipe, alone,  
Of the toads comes a melancholy air.



## PROFITABLE PIETY.

A man who each religious rite  
To observe that 'twas a duty held,  
'Tis said a Jehu sought who might  
To drive his carriage-and-pair be skilled.

And 'mid of applicants a herd  
Who to th' advertisement replied  
Was one who, in all ways, appeared  
To fill the place well qualified.

"But ere th' engagement's made, you quite,  
I trust," says Master, "comprehend  
That I my servants every night  
Expect will family prayers attend."

"That no objection there, of course, is,"  
Says John, "to this, but hopes if he  
Must prayers attend, as well as horses,  
'Twill in his 'screw' considered be."

Yet why feel shocked at Coachy, when  
He a trade of his devotions made,  
Since the State's clerical serving-men  
For praying are regularly paid.

---

## THE BEGGAR GIRL.

*(Imitated from the French of EUGÈNE MANUEL.)*

The hapless child along the *Bois'* green ways,  
Was begging, but the tears she shed were real;  
And meekly, with clasped hands, herself did place  
Near those who sympathy with her might feel.

Her sunburnt brow long matted tresses crowned,  
Her feet with dust were powdered, and her dress  
Was but an old worn petticoat, that round  
Her form rolled, scarce hid it's thin nakedness.

She begged a sou, some bread—the smallest crumb!  
She parents had, who work had vainly sought,  
And infant brothers in a squalid slum,  
A poor man's household nigh to ruin brought!

Then, heedless if one gave, her tears did dry,  
And quickly to the moss-filled turf go back,  
Pluck flowers, play with some insect fluttering by,  
From the spring underwood the young shoots  
break.

And sing!—the Sun to shine seemed in her lay!  
'Twas a snatch of some air famed in the street,  
And, as the linnet did, from spray to spray,  
She to the Heavens sent her notes most sweet.

Oh! power of lovely days! strange influence  
Of a sunbeam, and of the opening blooms!  
Of sight, of smell, of hearing, rapturous sense!  
Divine enchantment that from all things comes!

Can a child in the flower-time long bemoan?  
The blade can charm it, and the leaf allure!  
How many tears Spring dries can ne'er be known,  
How little's needed to make smile the poor!

I heard her, and her joy in life perceived.  
E'en as a load it's bearer down would set,  
Her heart she, thinking that none saw, relieved,  
With th' April's redolent breath intoxicate!

As if herself remembering, then, anew,  
The passers-by accosted, sad and slow,  
And how her face, quick, to overcloud she knew  
And drawled in accents of the deepest woe!

But when, with outstretched hand, she'd me drawn  
near,  
And moistened eyes, and gestures of distress,  
"No! you can go your way," I said to her,  
"I followed you; to cheat needs more address.

"Your parents taught you, then, that grief which  
lies?

You, who, this moment sang, now weep *sans*  
shame!"

The child said simply, with uplifted eyes,  
"'Tis for myself I sing, but weep for them."

## QUID PRO QUO.

A screw one sultry day to fare  
Was bent, accompanied by a dog  
Along the country roads, while their  
Joint master did behind them jog,

Who, when they'd reached a verdant lea,  
Having himself to sleep composed,  
The screw, quick on the grass which he  
Found greatly to his liking, browsed.

Whereon his fellow-traveller, who  
Had got a canine appetite,  
In piteous whines, thus pleaded, "Do,  
Pray, Dobbin, stoop a little bit,

"That from the pannier which you bear  
My supper now may be obtained,"  
But, of a mouthful's loss in fear  
With each word, Dobbin dumb remained.

And for some time a deaf ear prone  
To turn to all the dog had said,  
And to eat his head off going on,  
At last he this cold answer neighed :

"Till Master's sleep is o'er that you  
Should wait I recommend, dear Tray,  
For then of feed you'll get your due—  
Sure, he to wake can't long delay."

When lo! a wolf whom hunger keen  
Had driven from out a neighb'ring shaw,  
Being, sudden, near, by Dobbin seen,  
Made his mane stand on end with awe.



Then that to his rescue Tray at once  
Would run he ceaselessly besought,  
But vainly, for this sole response  
From Tray, as Tray turned tail, he got.

“I recommend, dear Dobbin, that  
You, while till Master's sleep is spent  
You wait, should on the hoof pad, straight—  
To wake, sure, long delay he can't.”

But scarce these words were uttered than  
The wolf, who'd nearer drawn, came up,  
And, spite the screw's sad whinnying, gan,  
With snapping bites on him to sup.

Thus, those that they may serve you, when  
You stand in need, to move disdaining,  
Once they're of your assistance fain,  
Will wince, a *quid pro quo* in gaining.

---

## A CHILD OF THE GUTTER'S FUNERAL.

(*Imitated from the French of* RAOUL GINESTE.)

The shabbiest of mourning for  
The children of the poor one wears,  
No palls their doors drape. Them, in biers  
The smallest, one the arm carries o'er.

No dignitary's robes you see,  
Intoned you hear no requiem,  
For such as they. Enough for them  
Prayers mumbled are supposed to be.

With an air that's so woe-begone,  
A pair of undertaker's men,  
Whose reddened noses shown are in  
Strange contrast to their faces wan,

The tiny coffin to convey  
Upon a litter black make speed,  
To see which one might think, indeed,  
That one a toy-box did survey.

A man, the father, follows it,  
A labourer, with face grown pale ;  
Ne'er ceasing with despair to wail,  
The mother at the bed does sit.

Then, of his mates some two or three  
Come, as if on Bank Holiday,  
To chaff, and swill the time away,  
When underground the corpse may be.

Existence hard, indeed, they find,  
One it a little must forget !  
To many a drain add one more yet !  
Who don't drink are to brood inclined.

In a low boozing-ken that's near  
They'll drink the gin that, in the end,  
To sleep the better thoughts will send  
Of such as, through life, fustian wear.

The gin which does the power possess  
To make, e'en at the lowest price,  
Them, as if in a trance, rejoice,  
And give a boon forgetfulness.

And so the father will, to-night,  
To his home, intoxicated, go,  
And, thinking Life worth living now,  
There he, it may be, down will sit

On the bed where his wife about  
Their poor dead baby thinking lies,  
And will exclaim, in great surprise,  
“Why! have you the blue devils got?”

“Psha! don’t you fret your eyes no more;  
Some prime lush I’ve brought home for you,  
And kids, old woman, are, you know,  
An awful burden on us poor!”

---

## A SACERDOTAL TOAST.

“Brethren, let’s lock the vestry door  
And ’gainst intrusion feel secure,  
Our eyes we’ll keep turned up no more  
And ev’ry canting phrase abjure,  
Then, of the fleece our flocks may yield,  
A careful inventory we’ll make,  
And when by each a bumper’s filled  
We’ll spiritual consolation take.  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let’s drink.”

Says Cringely Asking, “I to a raw  
Young squire made up who to the ‘Estate  
Of Man’ when he had come, by Law  
Came into many a living fat,

And, now, to one he me presents  
Since I to cod him ne'er neglected  
That none had their munificence  
To godlier purposes directed."  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Makebelieve, " Love I to a green  
And wealthy heiress having made,  
Did her affections quickly wean  
From all her friends, and her persuade  
If she'd her worldly goods on me  
Settle before we bound did get  
In holy matrimony, she,  
Free by the Spirit would be set."  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Hoyley Sleek, " The ma I got  
Of a girl under age who said,  
Her child a big dower'd have, if but  
With the maternal sanction wed,  
To faithfully believe if she  
By me was now to be prepared  
To the altar led, she'd out of be  
The slough of carnal reason reared."  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Grovelling Surf, " A trader, who  
Embarked in shady specs of yore,  
And me in Church sits under, now,  
I bammed, my parsonage to restore

If some of the large profits that  
In such wise he'd made sure of he  
Did give, for him regenerate  
A means of saving grace 'twould be."  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Mealymouth, "I a soft dame gulled  
When she a widow was left, I heard,  
That all she in the Funds did hold  
If she to a Company transferred,  
Whence I was, for promoting, bent  
A handsome salary to take,  
While she her income would augment,  
Her spiritual interests safe she'd make."  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Sinuous Quiller, "I was fain  
A millionaire, who, when I found  
That he, although but little brain,  
A thundering lot of money owned  
To spoof, that, if a well-paid cure  
He'd buy, and me to it present  
For the salvation he was sure  
Of souls to be the instrument."  
So clink, clink, clink,  
From this toast never shrink,  
To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Cantwell, "I a widow in  
Her second childhood, and to whom  
I learnt that a snug property, when  
Her husband breathed his last, had come

Queered that, if in her will I should  
 Myself find named her heir-at-law,  
 She, *sans* doubt, of the Kingdom would  
 Of Heaven be th' inheritor."  
 So clink, clink, clink,  
 From this toast never shrink,  
 To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

Says Sulphurous Foulmouth, "*Sans* delay  
 A warm old wrongdoer on his bed  
 Of death I visited, and a way  
 Soon found of filling him with dread  
 That if he did omit some tin  
 To leave me, and, by such means, put  
 The old Adam off, from Satan, in  
 The Lake of Fire, he'd get it hot."  
 So clink, clink, clink,  
 From this toast never shrink,  
 To Human Credulity, brethren, let's drink.

---

## FAR OUT AT SEA.

*(Imitate! from the French of ANDRÉ LEMOYNE.)*

To dream I was a bird I erst was fain  
 That o'er the sea-beach soared, then, quick, took  
 flight  
 Far from it (at December's close one night),  
 Exploring the immensity of the main,

And that the profile of the jagged coast,  
 Letting a long headland loom th' haze through,  
 In the wild roaring ocean to the view,  
 As in some far abyss's depth, was lost ;

And that 'twas not long ere, firm set, atop  
A reef of rocks, forgotten of the land,  
A lighthouse in the watery waste I scanned,  
Like an old Triton with his eye lit up.

Borne on the winds, attracted by the light,  
A flock of gulls around to circle prone,  
E'en of the waves that now rose, now went down,  
The movements imitated in their flight.

And, high up in the lighthouse, by the bruit  
Unmoved, two watchers through a strait opening  
Prompt o'er the surge long jets of light to fling  
With fitful flashes that Night's darkness cut,

Who, for once, heedless that their life was rude,  
And mindful only that 'twas Christmas Eve,  
Together, a due welcome it to give,  
Made merry in their bleak, drear solitude.

---

## HINC ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ.

Some of the owlets which to 'tangle  
A man had had the skill, to strangle,  
Being with his fingers fain,  
'Tis said, upon himself so sore,  
A wound inflicted that to roar  
He was compelled with pain.

"Oh! joy," cried one of those who yet,  
By chance, was left alive, as it  
Him weeping did regard,  
"His tears that he our mates repents  
Of having killed are evidence,  
And that we shall be spared."

“ Ah ! ” croaked the oldest one, and who  
Thus of the world’s ways much more knew,  
“ Poor foolish child, you would  
Take note of (if you were but wise),  
Instead of looking at his eyes,  
His hands bestained with blood.”

---

## A GOLDEN HARVEST.

*(Imitated from the French of EMILE PEYREFORT.)*

The mower, with sinewy neck that th’ ope’d shirt  
shows,  
His hook makes whiz, and grows erect ere setting,  
With a sharp stroke, the steel so rough and grating,  
Where from the barley’s sap a green tear flows.

Since by the cocks the réveille’s sounded been,  
The grain, by chirring of cicales filled, thro’  
He’s, with bold looks, and cadenced steps, to go  
Barefooted, but with head in sunshine, seen ;

Now comes on evening. Breathless he is fain,  
Curving his arm, with it to wipe his brows,  
And on the cracked soil where the shorn wheat  
shows,  
Slowly he sits down and regards the plain.

At last his task’s o’er. As it fell, the grain  
Did leave upon the ground a luminous track ;  
Soon the road to the village he’ll retake,  
With step made lighter by a cheery strain.

What struggles, though, what hours of distress !  
For such a little wheat what toils he bore !  
And the dark memory of those ills of yore  
Does the pride rising in his eyes repress.



The morns, that endless seemed, he sees again,  
That in the Autumn are by mist made raw,  
The while, with stiffened heads, his horses draw  
The grating axle, stumbling o'er the plain.

The Winter comes. Ah ! th' hollow-sounding gales  
Which make one clench the fist and set the teeth,  
When, at the horizon, jars the crashing frith,  
And the grain ferments in the snow-clad vales.

Then, there are struggles, challenges, and strife,  
Through the sharpwinds, beneath the peltingsleet,  
That strife, in which the firmament, with great  
Black, hovering clouds, like birds of prey, is rife.

And, too, the white heats of the canicules  
Whose kindled breaths the azure burn and mar,  
And in a stillness making sounds less clear,  
The toil *sans* rest, the days *sans* crepuscules.

But what do ills borne matter ? He will find,  
Like rising stars, the stacks on th' heights appear ;  
The song of th' old folks, now, he seems to hear  
E'en with the threshers' rhythmic flails combined.

And, solaced, since the West is reddening found,  
Rising, does, 'rapt, at the field's skirt behold  
The reapers, far, who, in the sunset's gold,  
Seem as though dancing a vast bonfire round.

---

## THE FORCE OF BACKSHEESH.

A showman as a gape's-nest rare,  
That yokels at the wakes would fetch,  
A troupe of monkeys did with care  
To take part in a ballet teach.

And as, while velvet masks did hide  
Their faces, they in skirts were clad,  
And corsets, with gay colours dyed,  
That glittering spangles overspread.

And to keep time, as they ne'er failed,  
Nor made a blunder with their *pas*,  
They soon became the rage, and hailed  
Were always with immense applause.

But scarce o'er the first figure was  
One day, when these *danseuses* among  
A pennyworth of cracknuts, as  
A lark, one of the audience flung.

And, lo ! when once their eyes they threw  
On that choice bait, for music they  
Appeared to lose their ear, and grew  
Deaf to all tunes the band might play.

And, reckless who might them admire,  
Their visors and costumes, quick, tore  
To shreds, since, now, their *rôle* entire  
Was but the nuts to scramble for.

Thus, mugwumps on delivering set  
Fine sentiments, the parts proclaim  
That they've been acting, when they get  
The places, which are nuts to them.



## THE SNOW IN THE COUNTRY.

(Imitated from the French of FRANÇOIS FABIÉ.)

Oh ! snow, so gentle, soft, and white,  
Fain with the glad Yuletide to come,  
And blossoms to the boughs remit,  
And swarms to the ethereal dome,

Midst us a welcome guest you are,  
Descend in torrents, come and place  
Yourself on the earth that, iced and bare,  
Rewarmed will be in your embrace.

Her nursing breast well cover o'er  
That's chapped by Boreas wrathful grown,  
If someone that to bruise is sure,  
Let it the labourer be alone.

Against the cold the seedlings screen,  
Whence will the golden harvests come,  
And th' acorns where th' huge oaks begin,  
And the meek grain where sleeps the bloom.

Down e'en to the deep fountains go  
That winter, without you, makes dry,  
So that one may their waters flow  
In the fresh grass again descri.

With sap the roots make swollen so  
That beeches when the spring-time glows  
May for the weary wanderer show  
The shadow of their waving boughs.

To th' hapless beasts your pity yield  
That shiver where most deep's the brake,  
When in you pass the tempests filled  
With sounds like bayings of the pack.

Do not upon the garret stay,  
Where one does cold and hunger feel;  
Let the sun, chancing there to stray,  
Dissolve your delicate, silver veil.

And when into the graveyard you,  
Like an enormous shroud, that's made  
With large folds, fall, freeze not, oh, Snow,  
In the tomb's depths our loved ones dead!

## SHOWS OF GRIEF.

The malady of a sheep did seem  
So serious that a rumour spread  
Through all the village that of him  
Mutton would surely soon be made.

Whereat a wolf, though Robin showed  
Well nigh reduced to skin and bone,  
By hunger driven from out a wood,  
Him as his quarry counted on.

So when the moribund he did hear  
Lay *in extremis*, he the fold  
With the utmost swiftness reached, and there  
From the outside piteously howled,

"Oh! let me in, I pray, for my  
Most intimate friend dear Robin from  
His birth has been, and of him I  
To take a sad farewell have come."

But an old dog, long famed for being  
Th' experienced guardian of the flock,  
Did, through a chink the visitor seeing,  
The game that he was up to smoke.

So when the wolf went on, "I'd like  
How the poor patient is to know,"  
"Much better than," rejoined the tike,  
"Would be, friend Smellfeast, wished by you."

Of one, who's something got to leave,  
The sick-bed legacy-hunters fain  
Will haunt, since thus the hope they have  
Their living by his death to gain.

## THE WALL-FLOWER.

*(Imitated from the French of A. SPINELLI.)*

Manors, whose walls moss masks, and towers grey,  
Whence the eye the red horizon plunges thro',  
Rent roofs, and mouldering ramparts where, as they  
Bask in the sun, the scales of lizards glow.

Tombs buried in grass and brushwood, where a rest  
That like is to no other one does gain,  
Where Man, with striving Destiny to resist,  
Worn out, to sleep his last long sleep is fain.

Arches, keeps, gates where th' ivy green depends  
From which each day some stone away Time  
rends,  
I love you with a love sincere ! and if

My flower roots in you in the rathe Springtide,  
'Tis that, when all forget, it ruins mid,  
Recollects alone, and does ill-fate outlive.

---

BORROWED LUSTRE.

The Sun a gorgeous rainbow dared  
To sneer at in this airy way,  
"How can such rays as yours compared  
Be with the tints that I display ?

"Than which the loveliest gardens grow,  
No flowers so fit to attract the view.  
What larkspur, pray, my indigo,  
My orange, what lantane outdo ?

"Beside my red seems pale the rose,  
No crocus can my yellow beat,  
My violet o'er the pansy goes,  
Harebells daren't with my blue compete

"Nor the leaves that each bloom bedight  
With verdure my green emulate,  
Yet, all these varied charms despite,  
I vainly for your homage wait!"

"How, then!" the King of Day, aglow  
With warmth at impudence so glaring  
Rejoined, "you hold that language, though  
It is my colours that you're wearing.

"Into the nothingness return  
From out of which I've taken you,  
That to my rays full soon you'll learn  
Is even your existence due."

So saying, quick as light, to go  
Behind a cloud the Sun being bent,  
Nor now regarding it, the bow,  
Straight, vanished from the firmament.

Thus many a showy parvenu  
If those from whom his lustre he  
Derived, their influence withdrew,  
To make a shine would powerless be.

---

## A TENDER MEMORY.

*(Imitated from an old French Idyll.)*

A rose within the groves of Flora  
Upon the point of opening  
Waits till the genial Aurora.  
The welcome zephyrs fain may bring.

Tintless it grows, and *sans* perfume  
Ere from its leafy tomb it breaks,  
And just as sad's each mortal's doom  
Ere Love to life the heart awakes.

A zephyr comes and breathes around,  
In amorous wise, this tender rose  
That quickens as it hears the sound,  
And an unwonted vigour knows.

But, ah ! how rapidly his way  
Around the earth the Sun has ta'en,  
And quenched is now the torch of Day  
In the waters of the Western main.

And the bloom drooping on its stem,  
For gone alike are scent and hue,  
Too frail to live long after them,  
Is soon for ever lost to view.

Nathless, it finds in memory green  
This solace, that, although so fleet  
The moments it had lived had been,  
Each was with unalloyed bliss replete.

So happy are all when, like this flower,  
They yield themselves to Love's soft sway,  
For if 'gainst Death it has no power,  
It yet can smoothe Life's rugged way.

---

## FORE-WARNED FORE-ARMED.

Of yore a yeoman being inclined  
To think that on a day in Spring  
His household would for dinner find  
A roasted pullet just the thing.

To get out of its run a chick  
And of their arms within reach they,  
Feigning they'd brought it grains to peck,  
With many a chuck-chuck did essay.

But, far from paying heed, it let  
Them strain their throats in vain, "For though,"  
It pipped, "I am a chicken, yet  
With chaff I can't be caught e'en now."

"Why, Biddy," then a goshawk, who  
Had from his perch o'erheard, did scream,  
"I can't conceive how you should so  
Suspicious of our keeper seem.

"Now, I've, you see, although I am  
Unlike you, of the wildest breed,  
Been made by their caresses tame,  
And ne'er but on their hands now feed.

"And by them, too, have been to fly  
And return at their 'so-ho!' reared;  
But list! t' you still they gently cry,  
You sure must be of hearing hard!"

"Oh! well, I hear," pipped in reply  
The chicken; "but the fact is I've  
A wish to know what cook means by  
Being armed with that great carving knife,

"Which only for a moment on  
To cast a look makes my flesh crawl,  
Would, save if hoodwinked, you not shun  
Returning for a like bird-call?"



"While, if as many goshawks you  
Saw on the spit as fowls I see,  
You'd my distrust with wonder view  
No more, and cease to peck at me."

At the ogling of a parasite,  
E'en you as dubiously should look,  
Since his sole aim, which out of sight  
He'd keep, is you to bleed and pluck.

---

## THE BATTLE NOT ALWAYS TO THE STRONG.

*(Imitated from the French of H. COMIGNAN.)*

Sombre below its plume of fummy black,  
Which e'er the funnel heavily exhales,  
Whence the steam breaks off in a gay white track,  
On the ironclad majestically sails.

The Sea is calm, far, blonde, and bare the shore,  
But a strange creature that the waves secrete,  
The steel-clad monster's advent waiting for,  
Floats softly till—the monster touching it,

At once 'tis pulverized—while th' Ocean 'neath  
The sunset glows—but, no! revenge it's had,  
For, the wave bubbling, sinks the ironclad.

'Tis the ignored, bruised, crampfish that to Death  
Drags her with it. Thus, e'er to see I'm prone  
The arrogant by those they seek to crush brought  
down.

## THE WORLD'S AUCTION-MART.

Oh! the Auction-Mart's an institution is this Age of  
Gold

Where so much for sterling coin can be bought,  
Nor houses, lands, or chattels are the sole things to  
be sold,

There's scarce anything it's price which hasn't  
got.

For rank, for place, for power, or whatever there's  
beside

By which they may with ease in life get on,  
In crowds are eager bidders every day to be  
descried

Till knocked down by Death they're going—  
going—gone.

Now, here is a high title by a peer inherited,

But the state of whose exchequer's very low,  
Who any girl, no matter what she's like, will  
promptly wed

If with her hand a "plum" she can bestow.  
In Debrett her name will figure, and she'll every  
season through

Be looked up to as a leader of the *ton*,  
And the right to wear a coronet will have that  
*parvenue*

To whom this Lot is going—going—gone.

Now, here's a pocket-borough that's been long  
owned by a Squire

Of great influence, but head and ears in debt,  
Which any man for a consideration can acquire,  
Who in Parliament a seat at once would get,

To secure the vote and interest of the whole  
Electorate

Not a voter need he trouble to call on,  
For they'll, whate'er their politics, support that  
candidate  
To whom this Lot is going—going—gone.

Now, here's the presentation to a cure of souls, of  
which

The incumbent has a cureless disease,  
With not only a large revenue, but in stray pickings  
rich

In the shape of Easter gifts and surplice fees.  
And to take a tithe of there is bred full many a herd  
of swine,

While a white gown, or a black one, to put on  
Throughout the year there never will be need for  
that divine

To whom this Lot is going—going—gone.

---

## AT A FASHIONABLE SPA.

(Imitated from the French of EUGÈNE MANUEL.)

The wan-faced peasant-girl the Spring is nigh,  
Slow dying of a hopeless malady,  
To try she had her home left far away  
The waters, and a doubtful cure essay,  
And, all day, sadly in her mute regret  
On one bench of the *buffet* she does sit  
In druggett, and *sabots*, and hood that over  
Does her shrunk features, like a pent-house, cover.  
Her mouth, already closed, to say has nought ;  
Death has his finger on her wax face put ;  
And with a fixed stare, she does, in strange wise,  
The drinkers scan with her large, dreamy eyes.

In crowds they come, and just before her pass  
The lady of fashion, prone to arrange her lace,  
Pouts for a moment, the filled glass before,  
In the sedan, then, briskly mounts once more,  
And to a German *valse's* melody sways;  
The prosperous cit who'd find out all things prays  
To taste the beverage, and departs, content;  
The masher, as he drinks, to pose is bent;  
The priest, to nurse his holy carcase fain,  
The pearly shell does, with vast unction, drain;  
The pretty horse-breaker, horse-whip in hand,  
Has let her mare outside the road's rails stand,  
And her dark skirt coquettishly does raise,  
And, before drinking, her white teeth displays;  
While children round the basin hov'ring, now,  
Ere vanishing in a noisy swarm below  
The water's jet their glasses gaily lay!  
Still, in her place the dying girl wastes away,  
She's tremulous, and cold already grown,  
Her long numbed fingers laid her closed knees on;  
A gasping breath sent forth, at intervals,  
In hoarse tones from her hollow lungs exhales;  
And, when one views her, each on saying is set  
To himself at once, "You'll over it ne'er get."  
But there, till evening, motionless she stays,  
E'en as the impassive sibyl of the place,  
And does, amid the orchestra's sounds of joy,  
A warning to their thoughtlessness supply,  
And troubling th' happy that she, envious, greets,  
E'en at the source of Life, Death's spectre seats!

---

### A HIGH-FLOWN VAPOURER.

A butterfly who able just  
That evening was his skin to burst,  
And so high-flown, made speed an ant,  
That he looked down on, thus to taunt;

“Ha ! do you not with envy pine  
At th’ aspect of such wings as mine,  
That smooth as velvet-textured show  
Each gorgeous hue of th’ aerial bow,  
On which, too, I’ve to cleave the pow’r  
The clouds, and into the Heavens soar,  
While you, despicable pismire,  
Wear but one uniform attire  
Dyed a dull reddish-brown, from out  
Of which such membranous weak wings sprout,  
That you, with your six legs, must fain  
Crawl e’en your hillocks brow to gain.”

“How pitiful,” to this vapourer  
Rejoined the ant, “is your hauteur,  
For, if your wings so dazzling shown  
Are now, none have more lately grown  
And slower ’twas this morn your lot,  
Ere from your pupa state you’d got,  
Than I to move, since of what true  
Legs can be called, you’d then but two,  
And, apterous quite, down in the mud  
Were doomed, a worm obscure, to plod,  
Which shows, my topper, ’tis false pride  
To plume oneself on getting skied,  
When of it one can clearly in  
Corruption find the origin.”

---

## THE IVY.

To gem magnolia trees that filled  
With gloom to look are destined yet,  
Till them a glimmering beam may gild  
Of the Autumn sun, the burgeons wait.

Ere they with fresh perfumes the grove,  
That gave them birth, make redolent,  
To tarry for the advent of  
The Spring are the May-lilies bent ;

But e'en when Winter's reign prevails,  
With each great tree the Ivy will  
Alike defy the raging gales,  
And drenching showers, and hoar-frost chill,

And, all life through, 'll be holding by  
Its own roots to the Earth descried,  
Nor'll seek from aught it clammers nigh  
To be with sustenance supplied.

And, if th' arboreal friend should ever  
Succumb, will sheltering foliage yield  
Around, and, in such wise, endeavour  
From utter ruin it to save,

Or, sharing in its changeful fate,  
When it the weight of years beneath  
Has sunk, will meet beside of that  
To which 'twas e'er attached, its death.



### A DAZZLED PARVENU.

A man of humble birth whose head,  
Though wholly void of sense, instead  
Was crammed full of conceit  
Having through sheer good luck, and by  
No merit of his own, to a high  
Position chanced to get,

A friend, who did the old days from,  
When at the village school his chum  
He'd been, his friendship date,  
Was in the parvenu's drawing-room prone,  
Forthwith, to look him up, and on  
His rise congratulate,

But, feigning not to recognize  
The visitor, and scarce his eyes  
Deigning on him to throw,  
"Pray," with contempt, he asked, "what, sir,  
May your name be, and wherefore here  
Do I behold you, now?"

"Oh! 'tis," quick, drily did reply  
Th' old friend, "my grief to testify  
As well as my delight,  
For your position, splendid as  
It is, e'en with its lustre, has  
Deprived you of your sight."

---

## THE FIRST BEREAVEMENT.

*(Imitated from the French of EUGÈNE MANUEL.)*

You e'en must go, dear little one,  
For, now, to sleep your father's gone,  
Outside to play.  
The nature of his sleep we know,  
But you're, as yet, not old enow  
What 'tis to say!

Some visitors, with looks of care,  
In silent groups, down yonder, are  
To form beheld;

Your way in the bright sunshine lies ;  
Leave to their calm rest those whose eyes  
By sleep are sealed !

The weather being this morn so fine,  
You'd best remain the garden in,  
Far from the gate.  
If something black you see pass by,  
To what use 'tis designed, don't try  
To investigate !

And, if you in a corner see  
Some one who, lone, may weeping be,  
The trees below,  
Quick, turn aside, with noiseless tread,  
For full of sadness is, indeed,  
Your home just now !

I hear a sound of hammering nigh :  
Let it your sports not stop—with joy  
Them now pursue !  
In days to come may He who is  
The Father of the fatherless  
Watch over you.

---

### DOWNY COWARDICE.

Th' old tenant of some rookery  
While hovering o'er a verdurous mead  
Soon with its keen eyes did descry  
A sheep fain, there, in peace to feed.

With swift flight coming down, he then  
On th' harmless sheep his seat did take  
And to pluck out the wool begin,  
In clawfuls, from his victim's back.



Which insult having suffered long,  
At last the sheep this protest made :  
“ Why do you treat me so ? No wrong  
’Gainst you can to my charge be laid ;

“ If you presumed to attack our tyke  
Like this, you soon would punished be ;  
But me you outrage since, belike,  
You that I’m too forbearing see.”

“ You silly sheep,” the rook sneered, “ learn  
That I do harm to those alone  
Who cannot harm me in return,  
That’s how to such an age I’ve grown.”

E’en thus, by riding roughshod o’er  
The gentle, while his crest he’s prone  
Those showing their teeth to fall before,  
A coward’s way of thriving’s shown.

---

## MAKING A SHINE.

*(Imitated from the French of J. PORCHAT.)*

To honour the sad passage of the dead  
In certain lands are mourners hired, ’tis said,  
Who, their hands wringing, follow, as they groan,  
The corpse of one whom oft they’d never known.  
They make a shine their salary to acquire.  
Behind, the son comes weeping for his sire ;  
Or the worn-out old man resigned, though lone,  
The untimely death deploring of his son  
Them no one hears, nor echo back does yield  
The stifled accents of their griefs concealed.

So, in th' heart's depths True Piety, not shown,  
From the world hid, is kept for Heaven alone  
While canters but to attract the World desire  
And make a shine their salary to acquire.

---

## THE CHILDREN ON THE SANDS.

Of the blue summer noon-lit main,  
From the extremest distance is  
Heard coming, o'er and o'er again,  
The deep-toned roar, and sibilant hiss ;  
Each after each, the billows run,  
And break, in foam, the shingle on.

'Neath cloudless skies the sea-mews white,  
Far, far away, at full speed fare,  
And far away, too, heave in sight  
Some vessels, slowly here and there,  
Seeming, with wings like sails, to be  
But greater mews that skim the sea.

Children, with spades and pails, prepare  
From sand with which the shore's besprent  
Castles or forts to build with care,  
And, when these crumble, straight, are bent  
On building fresh ones, though to last  
They're like no longer than the rest.

Then, nude from sole to hip, and with  
Their faces burnt to a berry-brown,  
And glowing the sun's rays beneath,  
To paddle in the waves they're prone,  
And, all day long, the echoes round  
Their merry laughter's peals resound.

Them mothers from their chairs survey,  
 With watchful looks, lest they should by  
 The treacherous tide be swept away,  
 While listing e'en as eagerly  
 Their prattle, howe'er void of sense,  
 As 'twere some sage's eloquence.

By simple sights like these is filled  
 A chance spectator's heart with joy ;  
 They make him wish that, as a child,  
 He could, again, his hours employ,  
 Ere perils, uncared for, he'd endured,  
 And had by heartlessness been soured.



### LEX FORTIORUM.

A luckless serf, in days of yore,  
 Upon his bended knees, before  
     His lord to appear was fain,  
 And him, in suppliant tones, to address  
 Thus, in the hope that he would his  
     Most gracious pardon gain.

“ Just now, your lordship, from his sty  
 A pig of mine 'gainst, suddenly,  
     A dog of yours rushed out,  
 And who by him, oh ! it is with  
 Despair I think of it, to death  
     Was put, upon the spot.”

“ Zounds ! villain,” cried the lord, who at  
 These words with fury raged, “ for what  
     Your pig has done, by you  
 To me five pounds I must have paid  
 As damages, and over made  
     Him, *sans* delay, have too,

“In order that the life I may  
Of the vile murderer take away,  
And that the example dread  
Of e'er presuming to attack  
Such high-bred dogs as mine may make  
All other pigs afraid.”

But here, the serf himself corrected,  
“Pardon, my lord, I'm so distracted,  
With sorrow, that a big  
Mistake I've made! What I meant was  
That 'tis (which is too true, alas!)  
Your dog that killed my pig.”

“Why, in that case,” retorted quick  
His lord, “he with my dog to pick  
A quarrel must have sought,  
And, foolishly, the evil fate  
Which has befallen him through that  
He on himself has brought.

“But, though the crime he did commit  
Was heinous, still his death for it  
Atonement has afforded,  
And, for this once, it seems to me,  
No further punishment need be  
The criminal awarded.

“Be off! but mind, if you refrain,  
Better your pigs henceforth to train,  
Nor take the utmost care  
That none of them are led into  
A like offence committing, you  
Will very much worse fare.”

## A LATE REMORSE.

(Imitated from the French of RAOUL GINESTE.)

Bent's o'er the blossoms, white and red,  
The breeze caressing them to go ;  
The lilies, languishing and sad,  
To the grey earth are drooping low,

Because the horizon, stains that shows  
Like blood, grows luminous with light,  
That, as it wanes, with purple glows  
Does summer's radiant *nimbi* dight,

And the fair bee, their mistress dear,  
Who granted them such kisses long,  
And who, to charm them, used, with her  
Veiled voice, to hum a balmy song,

The bee has not arrived as yet,  
But, *sans* heed, here and there, has spilled  
Her golden anther's pollen that  
Does with its sweetness honey yield.

And when the thoughtless charmer, who  
Is being by some gay kingcups kept,  
Will shake her pinion that, till now,  
Has in the warmth of twilight slept,

When she will come herself to set  
On the pale lilies, withered then,  
From a last kiss's depth a late  
Remorse to draw will she begin,

At having e'er allowed the breeze,  
That's fain, from flower to flower, to rove,  
The pollen, unawares, to seize  
Of those which had obtained her love.

## THE PRIDE OF PLACE.

Two scions of one root begat,  
And of a similar size, one day,  
From their original habitat  
Were planted many miles away.

But, while the one, through adverse fate,  
On sterile soil to fall did chance  
From which it could not choose but get  
The scantiest of sustenance,

So that 'twas with no power endued  
In bulk to swell, or wide to spread,  
Or rise to a great altitude,  
And nought but stony fruit could cede,

The other had a happier lot,  
And profiting by the teemful ground,  
It's boughs extended round about,  
And fruit of matchless flavour owned.

Yet, when it the frail scion by  
The name of brother, haply, called,  
"I marvel," it, with scorn, did cry,  
"You're as to address me, thus, so bold,

Since that you such a title for  
Assuming can have no pretence,  
Both my green foliage, and your  
Dry wood, alike, are evidence."

"What next!" the shrub that outraged so  
Had been, with honest warmth, rejoined,  
"At least, my topper, 'twould in you  
But modest be to bear in mind,

“ Although the habit, of which you’re  
So vain, is simply due to fate,  
That each of us did heretofore  
In the same nursery germinate.”

Thus, those in life to whom ’tis shown  
That Nature equal merit gave,  
Can turn it to account alone,  
According to the luck they have.

---

## A HARVEST SONG.

*(Imitated from the French.)*

All of us who  
Can sheaf and mow  
Have now together joined  
To reap you fain,  
To reap you fain,  
In grateful strain,  
Oh ! ripening grain,  
Oh ! ripening grain,  
Which nourishes Mankind.

Ere Winter once more has arrived  
By th’ Earth the seeding is received,  
And now, in handfuls, each field o’er  
The seed is scattered by the sower,  
The seed is scattered by the sower,  
The seed its labour does not stay,  
But works, unresting, Night and Day,  
It germs, and there’s, *sans* noise, by it  
A little sod stirred Day and Night,  
A little sod stirred Day and Night,

The Earth at last half-opened seen,  
The awn displays its head so green,  
And basks the vernal ray beneath,  
Inhaling the fresh zephyr's breath,  
Inhaling the fresh zephyr's breath.

The Summer comes, now gold the awn  
Springs up, with sap is swelled the corn,  
Waved by the warm and balmy breeze,  
The grains droop heavily o'er the leas,  
The grains droop heavily o'er the leas;  
Soon they're cut by the reaping-hook,  
And by the flail the sheaf is struck,  
And the wheat to the mill being ta'en,  
Changed to the Staff of Life's the grain,  
Changed to the Staff of Life's the grain.

---

## EATEN BREAD SOON FORGOTTEN. .

A woodcutter who'd broke the wood  
That for his axe a helve did yield,  
A mishap he could not make good,  
The copse, long having been unfelled,

Promised that, if the copse would render  
To him one single branch, he'd spare  
Each vigorous tree, each sapling tender,  
And seek his livelihood elsewhere.

Implicitly this coppice green  
On the woodcutter's word relying,  
Felt not the least reluctance in  
With his request at once complying.



But, lo! when he the branch did take,  
And to the iron adjust, her gift  
Was utilized by him to make  
The giver of her all bereft.

E'en thus, ofttimes, the favours that  
Ingrates conferred on them have had  
'Gainst those from whom they benefit gat  
Are but to serve as handles made.

---

## THE END OF THE RACE.

(*Imitated from the French of LOUIS RATISBONNE.*)

The Spring did sigh, unhappy made  
At seeing from her the streamlet run,  
"I shall bereaved be of my son,"  
And tear after tear shed.

"Don't," murmured he, "be so downhearted,  
I promise that I will, anew,  
When I've a run had, be with you,"  
Then, e'en *sans* turning round, departed.

On doing the grand the streamlet bent  
Did in the world his way make fast,  
And with each slaving runnel passed  
By him *en route* his waves augment.

And, swollen when, by rain, or snow,  
The river, or the torrent by,  
Still running onwards he did cry  
"I a king's retinue can show."

And further yet his course did keep,  
Without his pace e'er slackening,  
And th' ingrate quite forgot the Spring,  
Who, far from him, ne'er ceased to weep.

"The lowly mother, who did give  
Me birth yon little rock below,"  
Said he to himself one day, "who, now,  
I am no longer could conceive."

Thus, swashing, with a headlong bound,  
Ahead the ungrateful child went still  
Grander, and grander, grew—and fell  
Into the Ocean, and was drowned!



### SCALY HANGERS-ON.

Of all the finny tribes below  
The teeming Ocean propagated,  
One, wont the strangest modes to show,  
Is as the remora designated.

Upon it's crown, egg-shaped and flat,  
A ridge that's moveable is seen,  
While sixteen smaller ones cross that,  
With hollow furrows each between.

And by its so-constructed head,  
When it to make its way may seek,  
This queer fish has only need  
To a bigger one's lower parts to stick;

Thus scaly hangers-on are known  
The place at which they aim to reach  
By no exertions of their own  
If they'll embrace a Minister's breech.

## THE EMPTY NEST.

(Imitated from the French of FRANÇOIS FABIÉ).

Too soon you've ta'en it in the wild rose-tree,  
That nest to you a gardener, *sans* thought, showed,  
And, now, dear child, tears on your eyes I see  
Because, before to-night, will die your brood.

See you not, as you move, your knees upon  
Upraised those faces blind, and featherless,  
And all those red throats open but to moan  
Where you, alas ! can only kisses place ?

They're cold, and hungry ; their poor nest of moss  
Like some old robe is rent, and ruined quite,  
Though warm and soft your breath, 'tis good the  
loss  
Of the wing covering them to make unfit.

They'll die, and on the bough deserted, there,  
Their mother'll, sorrowing, in her beak retain  
With care, till evening, some green worm for her  
Loved birdies that she hopes to see again.

Go ! back to her her starving family take,  
Place in the rose-trees midst the nest once more,  
In th' hornbeam hid, to-morrow, when you wake,  
To you, in song, his thanks their father'll pour.

Go, quick ! and may, if you a mother grow,  
Hungry, or cold, you ne'er your babe descry,  
And, then, the bitter agony not know  
Of fireless seeing your hearth, and your breast  
dry !

## TRENCHER FRIENDSHIP.

A carrion-crow, for gluttony  
As noted as for craft, was prone  
A pack of hounds to accompany  
Who'd in the woods a-hunting gone,

And, buoyed up with the hope that he  
Might make a quarry of their game,  
Up-hill, down dale, where'er might be  
Their road, flew swiftly after them ;

A boar, now, having caught, they were,  
Being all as hunters hungry, fain  
To tuck into it so fast that there  
Soon, save it's head, did nought remain,

Seeing which, " Dear friends, pray," pleaded hard  
The crow, with caws, them hov'ring near,  
" A morsel let for me be spared,  
If but a cut from off the ear,

" For 'twould be ill-bred all the boar  
To eat, *sans* giving me a share,  
Which I've deserved so well, as your  
Devoted follower everywhere."

Yet, while to this demand by none  
Of them the slightest heed was paid,  
Though not a mouthful losing, one  
Old dog at him, in answer bayed,

" It is not, sirrah, from the love  
Of us that you our tails are at,  
But, simply, from the first, that you've  
Your heart upon our forage set,

"Indeed, if, through some accident,  
This moment we the way went of  
All flesh, you'd be, *sans* scruple, bent  
With our remains your crop to stuff."

Thus prompt a trencher-friend will be  
Attendance on rich men to dance,  
But, while there's out of them, that he  
May something make the slightest chance.

---

## A LAST FAREWELL.

*(Imitated from the French of EMILE PEYREFORT).*

Now that in th' Heaven's gardens snow-clouds lour,  
That the waned Sun will no fresh blooms retake,  
Feeling that come's the unrelenting hour,  
Nature'll herself, ere dying, fairer make,

And, while th' whole Earth, as with sobs bursting,  
shows,  
The bright tints worn in days, alas! bygone,  
Of orange, purple, rose, red, and e'en those  
So fair that the fresh lilacs bore, put on,

Then, for a gauze too delicate nigh to see,  
To line this dreary scene, with mingled leaves  
Of the alder, willow, and the shavegrass, she  
A fringe, with filigranes all golden, weaves.

But of those hues the dazzling mirage 'neath  
The dead wood's gloomy spareness is revealed;  
And, sadly, is the last ambrosial breath  
Of the flowers nipped by frost and sleet exhaled,

And nought does touching as that agony seem  
That would a past so radiant renew,  
And a smile, spite of all she feels, make beam  
Through the tears shed on bidding it adieu!

---

## THE TABLES TURNED.

Forth for a savage country set  
A man, who all did with him that  
He stood possessed of bear,  
But, when a town he'd reached about  
Halfway, that 'twould be rash, he thought,  
Farther with it to fare,

And that to entrust it safest were  
To some trustworthy dweller there,  
Till he returned again ;  
So finding one held in esteem  
For honesty, to leave with him  
Ten thousands pounds was fain.

But, on himself presenting, and  
Beginning them to redemand,  
How great was his surprise  
The man, unblushingly, to hear  
That he had nought of his aver,  
And on him ne'er'd set eyes.

Then, having his evidence alone  
To back his claim, he'd desperate grown,  
When, haply, he did meet  
Another of the townsmen, who,  
Pitying his mournful mien, to know  
Desired the cause of it.

But, soon as it disclosed had been,  
He, who had ne'er much faith put in  
The so-famed honest man,  
Bade th' hapless traveller courage take,  
For that he saw how might got back  
His money be again.

"You," added he, "some ten chests that  
Are strong, with iron bands, must get,  
And them with gravel store,  
Seek three or four compatriots, too,  
Of whose good faith assured are you,  
Then, meet me here once more,"

And, when came back the traveller,  
With four friends, and ten chests that were  
By stalwart porters borne,  
Asking that all him follow would,  
To the depositary's abode  
Forthwith, his steps did turn.

Then, bidding just the door outside  
The porters and the traveller bide,  
And the last not to show  
Himself until brought in should be  
The first chest, with the four friends, he  
Into the house did go,

And thus to the owner spoke, "To you  
Some wealthy strangers pray, sir, do  
Me to present permit  
Who, a long distance travelling,  
Ten chests with them were fain to bring  
That are with gold replete.

“ But as that hampered may not be  
Their movements, in safe custody  
These, for a time, they'd put,  
I, knowing your good repute, have them  
Brought on to you, who so fit seem  
Their views to carry out.”

With which he told the porters that  
One of the chests he'd now have straight  
Into the house conveyed,  
When the man (just as had been planned)  
Whose property was there detained,  
Sudden his entrance made—

A sight which made the sharper fear  
Lest, if they should his victim hear  
Him with his treachery twit,  
The strangers would their chests remove,  
And the spoil, thus, deprive him of  
On which his heart he'd set.

So him to welcome, in a tone  
Of glad surprise, he thus was prone,  
“ S' long, my dear sir, you  
Have absent been, that I of e'er  
Again you seeing did despair,  
And quite uneasy grew

“ About that cash you'd left with me ;  
But now how charmed I'm you to see,  
And it to give you back,”  
With which he the deposit handed  
O'er to the traveller, who then did  
Quick his departure take.



With the shark leaving, then, the chest,  
His visitor went off in haste

With the four strangers, that  
The others brought to him might be ;  
But vainly for them waited he,  
They haven't turned up yet !

---

## THE HOSPITAL LITTER.

*(Imitated from the French of RAOUL GINESTE).*

On the brancard, a cloth beneath  
That, dirty grey with blue stripes toned,  
Shields him, and serves a covering with,  
For th' hospital the workman's bound.

Two mates it bear, two others, who  
Are now his substitutes, supply,  
With heavy steps, an escort through  
The passing crowd to accompany.

A halt his fellow-workmen make,  
Wiping their swarthy, heated brows,  
While the others for their arms to take  
Are fain a moment of repose.

The burden's heavy ; strongly-made  
Was he, and to hard work inured,  
But, there, through many a year he had  
Laboured too much, too much endured.

He was not a bold heart without,  
And having been by hunger tried,  
Went, with a will, his work about,  
With bread his children to provide.

The other morn, drain after drain,  
In boozing passed was all the day ;  
Well ! sometimes, reckless got the man,  
Working so hard for such small pay.

Then, he, the screw, thus swilled away,  
To get back toiled more than he ought,  
So that, on the evening of pay-day,  
It seems a sudden chill he caught.

The old physician, "'Tis a bad  
Turn taking," gravely murmured low,  
Which hearing, the honest fellow said,  
"I to the hospital will go ;

"I won't, on my account, you see  
Have the last mag I'd earned forked out,  
For, while I, knocked off, here, may be  
How, then, could be the needful got ?

"The kids, when they are hungry, squall ;  
When they a little older grow  
They'll hold their noise, but, now, at all  
Such times, they make an awful row."

And for this reason 'tis they bear  
Him hither on that litter, slow,  
But lo ! e'en now the door is near  
Whence out so many never go.

A moment they deliberate,  
And, then, stop at the pub, hard by ;  
Oh ! 'tis not for a booze, but that  
They'd drink to his recovery.

"Cheer up, old chap, that can just take,  
'Tis your turn, now, to do a wet ;  
Don't funk, 'tis healing stuff to make  
A new man of you—down with it."

“Thankee for all the trouble you  
Have took, but, brother-chips, I say!  
What at home will the deuce they do  
If, here, a week I’m forced to stay?”

“Well, we’ll look after them, be sure,  
Since you by us the same would do,  
You needn’t fashed get on that score;  
We each will stand a bob or two.”

“Well, cut on, for I’m shivering now!”  
‘They ’neath the arches enter in  
Where to meet each fresh patient so  
Prepared is the head-doctor seen;

All round him list with eager ears  
While the lungs sounding of their mate,  
Till “’Tis pneumonia!” he declares,  
And a bed orders for him, straight.

For death the poor fellow cast,  
In the ward white and silent that  
Will see his sufferings end at last,  
Henceforward is but Number Eight.



## AN ELASTIC CONSCIENCE.

A tailor when to him was brought  
Some cloth, wherewith the owner thought  
A habit might be made,  
Had the habit of a good big piece  
Exscinding from it, that for his  
Own use aside he laid.

But he, one night, that down into  
The infernal regions he to go  
Was forced by demons dreamed,  
Where a large banner they outspread  
Of different coloured silks that had  
By him been stolen framed,

And with such dread this dream did fill  
His mind of basted being in Hell,  
When his life's thread was cut,  
That he was to his journeymen,  
Next morning, to relate it fain  
And bid them all take note

That, reckless if the business got  
Shaky, or even went to pot,  
He this resolve had made,  
That he'd no peaking take, anew,  
But, as an honest man should do,  
Would carry on his trade.

"And so," he added, "lest I may  
Forget what you've, now, heard me say,  
And should, by chance, inclined  
To cabbage something seem to be,  
Your tinge I will increase if me  
You'll of the flag remind."

The job they took, and so, when but  
One week had passed, and 'twas their lot  
The tailor to detect  
A bigger bit of stuff aside  
Setting than e'er before, they cried—  
"The flag, sir, recollect!"

“Scissors !” snapped Snip, quick, getting hot  
As his own heated goose, “I thought  
Of it, as well as you ;  
But, then, I that in all the flag  
Remembered that of silk no rag  
There was, like this, in hue !”

---

## THE SOUGHING OF THE WIND.

*(Imitated from the French of JEAN RAMEAU.)*

The night is dark, and cold the sky,  
Poor children in your cots that lie,  
Sleep, for put out's the candle now,  
The screech owl hoots upon the boughs,  
And wondrously the wind's voice goes  
The crannies of the old door thro'.

Hear it, now, sough, and sough, and sough !  
What a terrific hullabaloo !  
What melopæas of omen ill !  
What gamuts, and what crescendos !  
Beneath your shabby, worn bedclothes,  
Children, your heads with care conceal.

Do you know, children, what it says,  
The wind, which does, in passing, raise  
The thatch your cottage-fronts o'erspread ?  
Oh ! does it not of grim Death tell,  
Of ogres, and of wolves as fell,  
Of famines, and mischances dread ?

Does it not back the piteous cries  
Bring of long-since drowned cabin-boys  
In seas their wandering graves that make,  
The cries of children rags that wear,  
The cries of little birds with their  
Nests trembling, that to pieces break?

Now, as the children seek to find  
The meaning of the mystic wind,  
It 'gins o'er their sad roof to rain,  
It 'gins to rain—Why? None can tell,  
But they may think 'tis Heaven which well  
Divines, and, so, to weep is fain.

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### GIVE AND TAKE.

As on a time, in company,  
Two men were travelling, one to spy  
Happened upon their route  
A purse that was with many a piece  
Of gold replete, and, promptly this  
He in his pocket put.

“Come, let's go snacks!” the other cried,  
But he that to a sou denied  
The other'd any right,  
Contending that it ought to be  
For him, alone, reserved, since he  
Alone, on it did light.

Yet, as then, sudden, came in view  
A footpad, and well armed, he who  
Was of the purse possessed,  
“Come, lend a hand!” exclaimed, “for, see,  
The rogue is by himself, and he  
Of both can't get the best.”

"No fear!" did his poor pal retort,  
"For out of me, of money short,  
What could by him be made?  
But you, who fain the good luck were  
To enjoy, alone, should 'tis but fair,  
Alone, endure the bad."

---

### SORROW AFTER JOY.

A horse, who did for many a year  
In a rich master's service bide,  
And who, while kept in clover, there  
Was in the lightest work employed.

By the ill horse-flesh is heir to vexed,  
In turn, as now, old age near drew,  
First, lampas, bots, vives, glanders, next,  
Soon, dead amiss, with spavin grew.

Then, he was slighted, then, was passed  
In scorn, and then regarded even  
With utter loathing, till at last  
To draw a draywain he was driven.

And, as the hard doom to deplore  
That had bechanced him he was fain  
The mate, with whom he'd yoked been for  
His new employ, to neigh began.

"Keep cool, and don't that we forget  
Were born such work to undertake,  
So cease to kick against your fate,  
And, by vain complaints, it worse to make."

“ Ah! Ball, far different is my fate  
From yours,” was prompt the old horse to  
groan,

“ Since well used to your present state  
Are you, no better having known,

“ While eating off my head, life through,  
And to no collar-work e’er put,  
I’ve reasons quite unshared by you  
For wincing at my altered lot.”

That the worst sorrows, thus ’tis seen  
We can be destined to endure,  
Are those which come upon us, when  
We’ve always happy been before.

---

### A BITER BIT.

As by the borders of a lake  
A cormorant, on the fly, did go  
He charced a swim of tench and jack,  
To see the water sport below,

And, it being time for dinner, bent  
On pecking into them was he,  
But all, suspecting what he meant,  
From the lake’s borders far did flee;

Grown tired of fishing in the air,  
At last, he cried, “ I heard, last night,  
Dear friends, war ’gainst you to declare  
A fisherman his mates incite ;



“ Said he, ‘ The fishing here’s but poor ;  
A pond at yon slope’s foot I wis  
With fine fish stocked, where we are sure  
To-morrow to do better biz ; ’

“ As soon as that death-sentence I  
Heard passed upon you, I straightway,  
To you of such bad news did fly,  
A timely warning to convey.

“ Yet, if in me to trust inclined,  
You will for fear no cause have got  
That you’ll fish out of water find  
Yourselves, or that you’ll go to pot,

“ For you I’ll, at this moment, bear  
To a pond, whose waters ne’er to drain  
Have fishermen been known, and where  
The finny tribe in peace remain.”

“ Why ! ” to the cormorant, “ that’s a good  
Idea,” a crayfish made reply,  
“ Your offer I, with gratitude,  
Accept, and there’d, now with you hie.”

Then, swift, on such a snappy feed  
To pounce that blackleg being glad,  
His beak oped, when lo ! he, instead  
Of having her, by her was had.

For, with her claw forthwith, she got  
Hold of his false tongue, and clean slit,  
Leaving him with his meal uncaught,  
And ruffled plumes, the air to beat.

A plumeless cormorant, sometimes, seen  
Through over-reaching, is to get  
The clutches of his victim in,  
And be, e'en like this biter, bit.

---

## A TORRID NOON.

The sun, at noontide, down it's flaming rays  
Darts, vertically, on the hills and leys,  
Through the air a breath scarce creeps, a vapour's  
seen

Exhaling upwards from a sweltry fen,  
Just at the surface of the hardened ground  
The undulating summer-colt is found,  
Around, sparks scintillating, to and fro,  
As by a hammer struck out from iron, glow,  
Through the wheat's hollow stalks and tubes has  
down

Into the roots the heat that dries them gone,  
Storm-dreading buckbeans flower beside a mere,  
A balm the moveless willow's blossoms bear,  
The pimpernels their amethyst eyes wide ope,  
While by their corols weak o'er-weighted, droop  
The poppies in parched fields of harvest, where  
No longer's stirred the emptiest corny ear,  
The bees, that honey'd from the heather gain,  
To drowse amid its arid tufts are fain,  
Nigh powerless are the calid gnats to sting  
The droughty kine that pant about the spring,  
Each volatile on wing to soar refrains,  
And of the feathered choir are hushed the strains,  
In pines, the darkest-leaved, no turtle coos,  
To warble in the seared lime-avenues  
Have haybirds ceased, and in the horse-chestnut  
sprays  
Fast wilting, whitethroats hum no dulcet lays,

Their silver bells no more the lilies peal,  
E'en the aspen's trembling branches, now, are still,  
And, mid the skeleton ferns, alone, the chirrs  
Of cicales 'neath a cloudless sky one hears.

---

### CRINGING A GAINFUL ACCOMPLISHMENT.

When on an autumn chill daybreak,  
The fog's grey canopy below,  
With coarse sedge choked, and foul with reek,  
A dreary marsh did dreariest show,

A snipe its presence who'd betrayed  
There, to a spaniel by its scent,  
Seeing that a sudden pause he made,  
And close to her to couch was bent,

And that, lest fluttered she should get,  
He seemed to take the utmost care,  
And, even, her to adulate,  
Thought that she'd nothing now to fear.

But she, in point of fact, was thro'  
His seeming courtesy decoyed,  
For it was but a set that so  
The prey to his master notified,

To whom, as he came on with slow  
And measured steps, the game was clear,  
And who, when he was near enow,  
By some manœuvre, starting her,

And, with his fowling-piece, a true  
Aim taking, it to fire made speed,  
And, as against the wind she flew,  
Brought down the credulous featherhead.

E'en thus, the knee in bending low  
No time is by a croucher lost,  
Since he the easier may you  
First get done brown, and, then, on toast.

---

## THE OAK'S DEAD LEAVES.

*(Imitated from the French of JEAN RAMEAU).*

Of every tree the mournful unleaved sprays,  
Like the thin shrivelled arms of some old man,  
With piteous prayers to implore the grey sky  
fain,  
Stretch forth across the tatters of the haze.

Oh! the sunbeams, the nests, the air odorous,  
The carmine eves, and roseate dawning days,  
Oh! the spring flowers that fall upon the ways,  
Like happy tears from the foliate boughs,

Nought of all this they've kept, the veterans drear,  
The old trees, shivering *sans* birds and *sans* rays,  
When scattered were the wings by the autumn  
breeze,  
They from them cast their dying foliage far.

But, 'spite the wind beneath the doors that raves,  
A sombre oak that's towering high down there,  
As a grandsire that keeps his souvenirs dear,  
On his black arms still keeps all his dead leaves;

And he will keep them till the golden days  
Of the next flower-time, those loved ones dead,  
Then from his weary branches they'll be shed,  
But the young birds them in their nests will place.

---

## PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

Of old a traveller so poor  
That he had but his dinner for  
    A penny starver got,  
Entering a pub to wash it down,  
Called for as much as for a brown  
    Of swipes could there be bought.

Now, the host who was a thorough rough,  
When from the cask he with enough  
    Of beer a mug had filled,  
With such abruptness to his guest  
Presented it that half, at least,  
    Of its contents was spilled.

And, as if he'd himself outvie  
In arrogance, and to injury  
    Did insult seek to join ;  
" Why, butter-fingers," with a sneer,  
He growled, " You'll soon get rich ; for beer  
    That's spilt of luck's a sign."

To which the traveller no reply  
Did make, but simply, as he by  
    Him still a copper had,  
It to the landlord gave, and that  
A slice of beeswax he to eat  
    Might have asked with his bread :

But, while without thanks, taking it,  
The landlord went upstairs to get  
    The grub the traveller sought,  
He to the barrel made his way,  
And, pulling thence the plug away,  
    Let all the beer run out.

But when the host, coming down, did see  
His beer o'erflow the pavement, he  
    Quick, bunged the barrel, first,  
And then, to get his loss redressed,  
Before a prince he haled his guest,  
    Who did such claims adjust,

Whom, when he'd briefly told with what  
He charged the traveller, and for that  
    Had damages demanded ;  
Of all, the accused, in his defence,  
That passed before, gave evidence,  
    And with this comment ended,

“ Sire, Boniface his belief expressed  
That from spilt beer of luck the best  
    Was always sure to flow,  
And that I soon would riches gain—  
I, whom he'd made the loss sustain  
    Of only half a go ;

“ Now, feeling out of gratitude  
That, in return, by me there should  
    Some generous act be done,  
That with yet more wealth he might blessed  
Be than myself, I have, at least,  
    For him spilled half-a-ton ! ”

## SAVED FROM SHIPWRECK.

(*Imitated from the French of* FRANCK PILATTE.)

'Twas January, and on a Northern strand.  
The storms of snow (as you can understand)  
Severe are at that time, and in those seas  
The horizon's lumbered with the murky haze  
Despite the wind to rage with fury fain ;  
Splashed with the waves and pelted by the rain,  
One boots and sou'-westers ne'er lays aside,  
Boxed up, one, whene'er possible, does bide,  
Each in his berth, the captain and the men.  
'Tis nearly always dark ; on deck, one's fain  
When nearing someone else, him first to hail,  
That one to whom one speaks to twig mayn't fail.  
Heaven knows it blew ! and, in great flakes, did  
snow,  
And in the darkness more than three days thro'  
Trying, *sans* rest, and under bare poles nigh,  
We did nor glim of sun or stars descry,  
No more than I hold elephants in my hand.  
The captain, an old salt, the way who kenned,  
Growled, in a funk that too near land we'd got ;  
Swamp me ! that would have been a bad look-out,  
The coast for us to leeward being seen,  
And a-lee driving our poor brigantine  
With leaps, like those of crayfish on the spree.  
Our fear was changed to stern reality  
The fourth day, of a sudden, towards night,  
When, with an anxious eye, far, we got sight  
Of great clear spaces where the wave in foam  
Broke with its moaning voice's hollow boom,  
While flashed its ominous whiteness through the  
dark,  
We gazed on the ocean and the din did heark,

And, Lord, not rosy our reflections were.  
The captain, then, had everything got clear  
In case we should to anchor be compelled  
That 'twould, indeed, have madness been, he held,  
Although he neither arm nor pluck had lost,  
To tow his ship off from that narrow coast  
Whither the wind and tide it nearer drew.  
The noises from the beach yet louder grew,  
And many a row of rollers we begun  
To observe unfurling their wild race to run,  
That made you feel all o'er a shivering fit ;  
'Twas like a fearful charge where chargers might,  
Pell-mell, be on each other bearing down.  
On the anchors hung salvation, and our own  
To fall ten fathoms deep were found, straightway ;  
The chains that out we, link by link, did pay,  
Far as we could, to stretch out the tow-line,  
Drew taut, and, sudden, through the shock was  
seen  
The ship to stop ; I myself lost deemed then,  
But cheered up, thinking, "The anchors hold have  
ta'en ;  
Who knows ? Of home, once more, I may get  
sight !"  
I've navigated long, but such a night  
I ne'er shall in my life again behold.  
The stern for shelter seeking, bitter cold,  
Lashed to, or holding by, the netting, we  
To feel the most dread pitching, that could be  
Felt by a ship on the ocean, were compelled ;  
Across the storms of snow the air that filled  
Veering right in the east in cloudlets pale,  
In the wind that its dirge-like cries did yell  
On the prow, capped with foam, and black, one  
scanned  
The angry surge up like a great wall stand,



And then with a terrific roaring fall  
Down on the deck, from which that dread broom all  
Its rafts, and coils, and boats swept clean away.  
The cook did in despair his stoves survey  
Lifted and tumbled by the billow mad ;  
One would have laughed, if one had, then, the heart  
    had.

Still to a doubtful hope we clinging were  
Of all safe 'scaping, when, as day drew near,  
The vessel an enormous shock made reel,  
And into the water we perceived, pell-mell,  
Having of that mischance scarce thought at all,  
The top-mast, and the foretop-mast both fall.  
My eyes ! I've seen nought more to stupefy !  
That moment, 'neath a breaker, deep and high,  
While pitching in that snowy, inky main,  
Caught had the bowsprit in an anchor's chain,  
And the fore-mast as well had tumbled down.  
The captain with a desolate air then, grown,  
No longer spoke ! At last, though, the pale day  
Came to shed on us its funereal ray,  
And, by degrees, to make look almost fair  
That spot which seemed meant for our sepulchre.

When on the beach, far, crowds were seen to run  
And the wind slackened, and the surge, full soon,  
Went down, as changed the weather, so, before  
The fall of night the landmen, there, ashore,  
To us the necessary help could send.  
To coil it up, 'twas of our woes the end.  
We, two days after, reached our destined port,  
Than us less lucky, in that fatal spot  
Default their anchors, doubtless, having made,  
Aground a pair of fine three-masters stayed.

## FLAYING A GHOST.

## A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

Through th' hamlet of a sudden spread  
The news that a well-wooded glade  
    Let with a farm hard by  
Was haunted by a were-wolf that  
There, in a shroud perambulate  
    One could each night descry,

And when the ears the rumour grim  
Had reached of the farm's owner, him  
    It on the rack did set,  
Because the lease being nigh run out,  
It would his property, he thought,  
    Prevent again being let.

The son of the old farmer, who  
Now rented it, at length, did to  
    Himself, one evening, say  
"I'll see, myself, how spectres show,  
And for what cause the were-wolf so  
    Takes on in such a way,

"And if to do it should turn out  
I've with some sorry jesters got  
    They'd better elbers ware!"  
With which, he, when all lay asleep,  
Rose, took a cudgel, and with step  
    The lightest forth did fare.

The night was by nor moon nor star  
Illumed, and he a little fear  
    Begins to feel, at first,  
Nathless, his way does he pursue  
Crosses the yard, and gets into  
    A pathway of the hurst.

The very spot, soon, having neared  
Where 'twas that the were-wolf appeared  
    By rumour propagated,  
Behind the bole he takes his stand  
Of a weird, withering wych-elm, and,  
    There, its arrival waited.

Ten—twenty—thirty minutes sped,  
Yet, meanwhile, nothing showed a head,  
    Till he quite patience lost  
But that the mystery should be  
Solved, once for all, determined, he  
    Remained still at his post,

When, suddenly, were seen the sprays  
To stir, and to his wondering gaze  
    A corpse was there displayed,  
A winding sheet its sole attire,  
Slow walking, that, with each arm, dire  
    Gesticulations made.

As quick as thought, he's on his guard,  
Tight grasps his cudgel, and toward  
    The ghost, unscared, advances,  
With arm upraised, "Come on!" he cries,  
"You scoundrel!" and to exercise  
    His skill on it commences.

So unexpected's this attack  
That, soon, the were-wolf tracks to make  
    Is fain, without ado,  
But the other with some jester sure  
He has to do, now, all the more  
    Boldly does it pursue.

The ghost thus run hard, and now grown  
Quite done up on its knees falls down  
    And pity does implore,  
Heedless of which its foe bestows  
On it full twice as many blows  
    As he'd bestowed before.

While "For your pains," he cries, "take that!  
And that! By this you game to make  
    Of people taught will be,"  
Which warning to accompany, quick,  
With further blows that from his stick  
    Were well laid on was he,

When all at once the phantom who  
The voice of his opponent, now,  
    To twig the power had  
Begins in wrath blent with dismay  
To yell out, "Stop! wretch, stop! I say,  
    Stop! or you'll kill your dad!"

'Twas, e'en, his dad, the farmer who,  
His lease now run out, to renew  
    On better terms did lust,  
And, that those after it kept off  
Might be, thought 'twas the finest move  
    To play at being a ghost.

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## WHAT WOULD NOT WASH.

*(Imitated from the French of PONS DE VERDUN.)*

A wind-bag hailing from the Thames's strand  
(Though you'd have thought 'twas from the Gascon's  
    land),  
In his smug villa, not far from Cockaigne,  
Even as necessitous as he was vain

Erewhile, lived with his maid-servant, and she  
The biggest juggins was you e'er did see,  
Her age nineteen, and, though no sheep did her  
In mildness match, as silly was, 'tis clear.  
Of fifty dinners, which, his rounds amid  
His neighbours and relations each year through,  
When making, were to Blusterwell supplied  
His general custom was to pay off two  
'Twixt each their distance so contriving that  
From fragments that did from the first remain  
The second, mostly, to be cooked was fain,  
Which clearly rendered their expense less great.  
One evening, a Bank Holiday 'twas, I trow,  
When that first dinner was but half-way thro',  
An awkward guest, whose hand had slipped, a  
plate

Of jugged-hare on the table-cloth upset,  
The only one, and, so, to change it, you  
May guess was not an easy thing to do,  
Yet, ne'ertheless, he, brazening it out,  
Cried to the maid-servant, "Let there be brought  
Another table-cloth!" "What? Master, why?"  
With the most simple air did she reply,  
"You know quite well that you have only one."  
"Where have you come from? Have you by the  
Moon

Been struck that like a lunatic you stand?  
To credit you'd be the height of foolishness,  
I've but one, here, but in the linen-press  
Upstairs, have I not one?" "Well, well, dear  
friend,

A hundred thousand in reserve had you  
We should indeed be quite bereft of sense  
Did we consent attendance here to dance  
While cleared's the table, and relaid anew,  
Let us, then, finish, as begun we had."  
To hear the echo of his thoughts too glad

The host gave in, and vowed the cloth so stained,  
Since 'twas their earnest wish, should be retained.  
Gaily the dinner did its progress make  
Nor leave did of their host, till late, they take.  
But when he was alone left with the maid  
In what choice language he did her upbraid  
You can suppose; "Oh! brainless nincompoop,  
Must I, through you, to shame be e'er held up?  
Does, like an idiot, ever one proclaim  
That one does not what, e'en, one could possess?  
No! one reflects, and some excuse to frame  
Is prone, which goes down if framed with address,  
Whereby no awkward *contretemps* is wrought,  
Thus, when I called to you, 'Let there be brought  
Another table-cloth,' you should have, pat,  
Said, in reply, 'You know, sir, quite well that  
'Tis at the wash'—or something of that sort."  
"I answered badly, sir, I can't deny,  
I'm sorry for it, and shall profit by  
The lesson, and more on its being heeded  
E'en than my prayers, by me you may rely."  
Well! soon, a second spread the first succeeded,  
And when before the guests dessert was set  
One of them, sudden, said, "To beg, I'm fain  
In all our names, that you'll the wine us let  
Have up, the *gout* of which could not be beat,  
We thought, last year; we really long again  
To drink some more." Ah! none was left of it,  
But Blusterwell took care not this to avow.  
"You would? Well, for you I've kept some till now,  
What's left than what you've had's e'en finer yet,  
Here! Betty! Betty!" Betty in did dash,  
"Go, and for us that Perrier-Jouet find  
That's in the vault the puncheon just behind."  
"Why, sir," she feeling certain not a hash  
Of her reply to make, this time, rejoined,  
"You know quite well that it is at the wash!"

## CAVENDO TUTUS.

There happened, on a time, a hen  
By some disease attacked to be  
So serious that to diet fain  
And keep her roosting-place was she.

Of which soon as a fox had heard  
In haste, he from his terrier ran,  
And when he'd reached the poultry-yard  
Thus, 'cross the pales, to yelp began,

"How are you, now, my dearest friend?  
You laid up I'm *so* grieved to see,  
But *do* hope, soon, your health may mend,  
And that set on your legs you'll be.

"Say, where's of your complaint the seat?  
From change of temperature have you  
Caught cold, or cramp from getting wet,  
Or the pip, long, being cooped up through?

"In any case, such fame I've got  
For curing all complaints, that you  
Will, wanting medical aid, to put  
Yourself quite in my hands well do."

"Ah! Reynard, as a doctor you  
To cluck Dame Partlet, then, made speed,  
If I called in, I feel 'tis true  
No other, henceforth, should I need,

"But you, on whom to try your skill  
Must for some other patient look,  
For I, indeed, though, now, so ill,  
Should better be, if to earth you took."

If you to a lickdish's soft soap  
Will but a similar answer cede,  
You'll do as well, since he's the hope  
That, thus, he may you pill, and bleed.

---

## AN ORTHODOX MALEFACTOR.

A cracksman, who'd one night the skill  
A lustre from a Church to pill,  
And chalice richly chased,  
And burnished gold Communion-plate,  
The swag, with such good biz elate,  
Before his pal, now, placed;

But he, as the devote to play  
A pile to make the surest way  
He'd found in his vocation,  
Turning the whites up of his eyes,  
And with hands folded, in such wise,  
Thinks fit to improve the occasion.

"Oh! wanderer unregenerate  
From the true fold, no sin's so great  
As that you've perpetrated,  
And you how spiritually destitute  
Must be burglarious hands to put  
On objects consecrated!"

"Why, what has," with unfeigned surprise,  
"Come over you?" the other cries,  
"Do you for turning square  
Now, e'en, set up? and are no more,  
You fain the cribs which you, of yore,  
Have cracked in mind to bear?"



"Oh! I, as much," is prompt to say  
His pal, "as any on the lay,  
For jobs like those was known —"  
"Indeed," strikes in the other, "that  
You, I've heard say not even at  
Bloodshed to stick were prone."

"That, too, I grant," 's his pal's reply,  
"Yet, in our business my hand's by  
No sacrilege been stained,  
Ah! I'm by no remorse beset  
Since I, through life, thank Heaven for it,  
Religious have remained!"

---

## HUSH-MONEY.

'Tis said with long remonstrances  
A son of Albion to address  
Its Premier once was fain  
On many a public grievance that  
'Twas, he declared, the unjust fate  
Of the English to sustain.

But as, forsooth, the cause which made  
Him grumble so, the Premier had  
The skill at finding out  
Ere he'd his Jeremiad closed,  
"Dear sir," his hearer interposed,  
"That you, I cannot doubt

"For the dissatisfaction that  
You with the country's present state  
So well express, have but  
Too much cause got, although a plan  
I've hit upon, by which I can,  
Full soon, straight all things put."

“What remedy so certain, and  
Prompt, at the same time, to demand,”  
The other quick, was prone.  
“You may that ’twon’t be long feel sure,”  
The Premier made reply, “before  
It will to you be known.

“But, first of all, you must that there  
Exists a post be made aware,  
Held under Government  
That’s worth a thou’ a year, and but  
Vacant to-day, in which to put  
You now is my intent.”

To all, then, he did urging in  
The Government’s behalf begin  
The mugwump praise does give,  
In the end admitting that there can  
Be found no happier people than  
Those who in England live.

---

## OVER-LEGISLATION.

The speedier that his country he  
From a grave crisis might set free,  
In which it had been placed,  
A law-giver no better plan  
That there could be decided than  
To have the laws increased.

Now, meantime, happening ill to fall,  
He feels it requisite to call  
His doctor in, and by  
The latter, for his case, he is  
Advised that different remedies  
He, all at once, should try.

“ Well, but,” exclaims the patient, “ why  
So many of them, doctor, I  
Must ask you to explain? ”  
“ That, sir,” does, quick in answer, say  
The doctor, “ you the speedier may  
Your health get back again.”

“ But it is obvious that amid  
Those remedies,” the invalid  
Is on protesting bent,  
“ Some the desired effect will, sure  
That e'en, the others had the pow'r  
To operate prevent.”

“ Excuse me, sir, that I've made out  
A wrong prescription there's no doubt,”  
Was Pill's reply, “ but that  
I thought 'twas only right by me  
Your malady should treated be  
As you your country's treat.”



## A CROP OF JUSTICE.

### A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

There in a convent dwelt of yore  
Some monks who, caring little for  
The means, were ever fain,  
So that the taste they'd cultivated,  
For high old times, e'en, might be sated  
To add to their domain.

Now, in their heads it ran, one day,  
That they'd convert, without delay,  
    To their own use a field,  
Of more than fifty acres, near  
Their convent which, for many a year,  
    In peace, a neighbour held.

But, seeing that to the land his claim  
None questioned till the monks, *sans* shame,  
    That they had one contended  
'Gainst such a try-on that a fight  
To make convinced 'twas only right  
    The action he defended.

But, by ill-fate, the monks had o'er  
The judges of the day such pow'r  
    That Judgment to deliver  
They did not venture, but thought fit  
The cause so oft to adjourn that it  
    Seemed as 'twould last for ever.

And by his powerful enemies  
With ban, he even threatened is  
    And excommunication,  
As if, to wear him out, enough  
There was not in the worry of  
    Protracted litigation.

Till he, one day, is bent upon  
Approaching them, and making known  
    To them that he the suit  
To a final issue has to bring  
Determined, by surrendering  
    The estate that's in dispute.

And only one condition he  
Asks that attached thereto might be,  
    To-wit, that he might have  
Leave once the field to sow again  
And make use of the product, when  
    It signs of ripeness gave,

The monks, that this result had filled  
With rapture, their assent to yield  
    Are to these terms in haste,  
So, straight, a clearly-worded deed  
Being in due form drawn up, the seed  
    Is in the Earth's bosom placed.

And every monk when Spring draws nigh  
In the ardent hope he'll soon enjoy  
    Possession of the field  
Comes, all agog, to scrutinize  
What the owner does that it devise  
    Shall as his last crop yield.

But lo ! there is no germ of wheat,  
Of barley, or of rye, or that  
    Of any grain displayed,  
And, here and there, alone, in lieu,  
Some young shoots breaking forth to view  
    With delicate leaves arrayed.

The monks it difficult the kind  
Of plants, at first, to make out find  
    On which they bend their looks,  
But very soon they pale to turn  
With fear begin as they discern  
    That the crop is ground-oaks !

Thus, the landowner (to the joy  
 Of all just men) the monks did by  
     As they by him had done,  
 For when the oak tops did overpass  
 The monastery's roof, to grass  
     They, long ago, had gone !

---

## LICKDISH OPINIONS.

*(Imitated from the French of PONS DE VERDUN.)*

One evening, as he at his table sat  
 To Bigpot a small packet was addressed  
 On the envelope "immediate" was impressed,  
 "Faith !" says he "gentlemen, this happens, pat,  
 My portrait 'tis this covering below  
 After a month's delay, which I find, now,  
 You will, *sans complaisance*, to judge it please  
 You'll say, if, as to think I am inclined  
 The artist was my features skilled to seize."  
 The portrait circling round from hand to hand  
 As an unequalled likeness all commend  
 Says Suck, "A master-piece of painting see !"  
 Says Surf, "A speaking likeness 'tis dear friend !"  
 Says Pickthank, "Nought more true to life could  
     be !"

While, in this style, alike, with mouths and eyes,  
 In flattering each lick-dish with th' other vies,  
 Sudden, a note is placed their host before  
 Who opens it, and reads, "Excuse me, for  
 This moment I the error have found out  
 Which you deludes ('twas in my absence wrought),  
 One portrait for another to receive  
 You've chanced—that of Got-up, the famous actor,  
 Which, if the bearer you will please give back, sir,  
 He's authorized by me you yours to give."

## THE ZOOLOGIST.

Vain fops, invariably on view,  
Got up regardless of expense,  
On Sundays, "walking in the Zoo,"  
What puppies cost give evidence.  
Small gent, whom for a swell you yearn  
That all the "upper ten" may take,  
You, th' imitative art to learn,  
The ape your schoolmaster should make.

When bigots working men denounce  
Who'd breathe fresh air each seventh day  
And bid them Sunday trains renounce,  
They'll want an ass applause to bray;  
While, Shallow, you who deem impure  
Th' amusements at a penny gaff,  
Yet did hops at th' Argyll endure,  
Should be a good judge of a calf.

You, tourists, head and ears in debt  
Through playing in a Monaco Hell  
With legs who fleeced you at roulette,  
What silly sheep are worth can tell.  
You, drawing from that sinecure  
By you, my noble chaffwax, graced,  
Each quarter-day an income sure,  
A sloth's just what will suit your taste.

Ah! poor Job Caudle, curst by fate  
To groan 'neath th' hymeneal chain,  
And own a foul-mouthed scold for mate,  
Of shrews you'll hardly dare complain.  
Miss Murdstone, you whose cruel delight  
'Tis like a brute a child to treat,  
Until you crush its spirit quite,  
A bear'll from you indulgence meet.

'Cute senator, who, when you discover  
Your party's lost all chance of place  
To th' opposition ranks go over,  
You'll like "the house" rats use to grace.  
Miss Tattle, you, by whose aspersion,  
When cast upon them, e'en the best  
Of names get soiled, will no aversion  
To a skunk's foul tail manifest.

You, plaintiff, who, to th' honest plea  
Defendant pleads make replication,  
'Ware that a man of means is he,  
A vampire'll claim you admiration ;  
Snide lawyer, who in litigation,  
So that your client's cause you gain,  
Resort to ev'ry sly evasion,  
A fox's actions won't disdain.

Rich heiress, you who feel such pride  
At being by the nuptial knot  
To a spendthrift of high lineage tied,  
Can make out how a cony's caught.  
And, artful legacy-hunter, who  
Seek a rich moribund's ear to gain  
For that he'll cut up fat you know,  
You can why tigers crouch explain.

You who your reason though God it  
Revealed, to reasons that men show,  
Who judge no better than you submit,  
Buffaloes led by the nose won't cow.  
And th' upstart, who his nature shows  
More base the more advanced he's been,  
Should ascertain how th' higher it goes,  
The more a monkey's tail is seen.



By you, Squire, prompt in th' House, to state  
You'll in the way of Progress stand  
Since you each onward movement hate  
The steps a mule takes won't be banned.  
Glib homilist you on showing bent  
That a rich reprobate ne'er does wrong  
If he to a benefice can present,  
Will weet how wagged's a jackal's tongue.

Soft avowee who're flattered sure  
To feel when by a parson praised,  
Who hopes thus to obtain a cure,  
You can't doubt where a greenhorn's raised.  
And you who get, the Law to evade,  
Some friend for you a cure to buy,  
For which you'll swear you never paid,  
At filling a wolf's skin won't shy.

Sly rum, you who tithes won't delay  
At the value of money now to rate,  
Yet first fruits as first valued pay,  
A hog's worth won't depreciate.  
Sleek pluralist, who Church-dues will  
E'en from the poorest claim, and when  
Unpaid, quick, up defaulters sell,  
You'll on what gluttons come down ken.

Gay virgin, putting up your heart  
To him who bids th' highest for sale  
At every season's marriage-mart,  
To know a colt's worth you can't fail;  
And you, rich men, of whose largesse  
Mean sycophants have been the reapers,  
What gratitude you'll get can guess,  
From watching quaggas kick their keepers !

## IN THE WOOD.

*(Imitated from an Old French Bucolic.)*

An amorous swain invites his love,  
On meeting her at break of day,  
With him through yonder wood to rove  
And scent the fragrant opening May;  
But when he takes her arm in his,  
She says in wrath, "I wonder how  
You dare to take such liberties,  
*Just* let me be, *Sir*, for I know  
Mamma would never that allow."

Yet ne'ertheless full soon the pair  
Clean half-way through the wood are found,  
And by some strange manœuvre there,  
He gets his arm her waist around;  
But when her feeble struggling's o'er,  
She says, the while she knits her brow, ' .  
Though far less crossly than before—  
"*Please* let me be, *Frank*, for I know  
Mamma would never that allow."

A minute after, Frank presumes,  
Encouraged by his late success,  
E'en as she culls the dewy blooms,  
From her moist lips to cull a kiss;  
But when he'd fain the theft repeat,  
She says, in tones so soft and low  
That, p'raps, his ear they didn't meet—  
"*Do* let me be, *dear*, for I know  
Mamma would never that allow."

But when the Sun has sought the bed  
Of the deep blushing Western Sea,  
Rosette, whose cheeks are just as red,  
Sits quiet on her sweetheart's knee;  
And the kiss he had once the face  
To steal, she freely gives him now,  
While, with a witching smile, she says—  
“Ah! darling, such true joys to know  
Mamma my heart must needs allow.”

---

### A SPIRITUAL OPIATE.

'Tis said that, as, one Sabbath day,  
The morning service being ended,  
From church, across the fields, his way  
T'wards home a country parson wended,

He chanced to pass a toil-worn peasant,  
Whom, knowing that he ne'er omitted  
At either service to be present,  
He in this flattering manner greeted:

“Well, Hodge, now you, who work so hard  
Six days each week, indeed as blest  
Must, more than many, the seventh regard,  
And as a well-earned day of rest;

“Moreover, of that day how right  
A use you make, my worthy friend,  
For then I've noticed, with delight,  
Your church you regularly attend.”

Hodge makes a scrape, and, in reply,  
Says, “Zhorely, zur, I doesn't know  
A day that's blessedder to I,  
Who works cruel hard the whole week thro',

“Zo when each Zabbath-day comes roun’,  
I goes, jist as you zes I ought,  
To church, and there I zits me down,  
Tucks up my legs, and thinks o’ nought.”

Ah! though without Hodge’s excuse for it,  
From th’ exercise of Thought e’er shrinking,  
How many church-goers are fain to let  
The parson for them do their thinking!

---

## A HAPPY QUEEN.

*(Imitated from the French of JUSTE OLIVIER.)*

Ah! a happy queen’s she,  
None can question her claims  
To the queenliest of names,  
And from rivals she’s free,  
Ah! a happy queen’s she:

At the brink of a spring  
Blithely rippling o’er stones,  
There herself she enthrones,  
While in chorus birds sing  
To the song of the spring:

She has leal honey-bees  
In swarms to wait on her,  
As her maids of honour,  
No lip-servers are these  
Ever leal honey-bees:

She’s no courtiers beside  
The bland zephyrs that blow,  
And the queen’s wont to bow  
To them, without pride,  
She’s no courtiers beside;

She does no levees hold,  
Yet fails not ev'ry day  
On her robe to display  
Pure pearls and fine gold,  
But does no levees hold ;

Yes ! a happy queen's she,  
Crowned with tresses *dorés*  
Is the sweet *Reine des Prés*,  
The fair Queen of the Lea,  
Yes ! a happy queen's she.

---

## THE REVERSE OF THE MEDAL.

The maxim that no medal's seen  
Without a reverse, is oft true ;  
Just now some wear a joyous mien,  
And all things take a roseate hue.  
Ha ! ha ! ha !

They're sure none happier can be,  
But sudden comes a change about ;  
And on their luck they find they're down —  
They're bottled up—their pipe's put out,  
And all looks black as they're done brown.  
Ah ! ah ! ah !

The medal's reverse there you see !

A sycophant to dance is prone  
Attendance on some millionaire  
Through life, while at his death-bed none  
His dear friend's anxious vigils share.  
Ha ! ha ! ha !  
All gratulate him as legatee ;

But on the day the will is read,  
And to sham grief he feels but proper,  
He finds he's cause real tears to shed,  
Hearing he's not been left a copper.  
Ah! ah! ah!  
The medal's reverse there you see!

A spendthrift youth to woo and wed  
A wrinkled harridan is fain,  
Who owns large funded wealth, 'tis said,  
And is, to boot, a *châtelaine*.  
Ha! ha! ha!  
From debt he's sure he'll soon be free;  
But how that match by him's detested,  
Since knowing the cash he hoped to share,  
In the "Bank of Elegance" invested,  
And that the castle's in the air.  
Ah! ah! ah!  
The medal's reverse there you see!

A coxcomb falls in love at sight  
With the belle he meets at some *soirée*,  
Whose head with flowing locks is dight;  
While rose-like blooms her cheeks display.  
Ha! ha! ha!  
He plumes himself on that *parti*;  
But, once they're wed, his charmer's hair  
He finds out has been made by th' hand  
Of her coiffeur, and that her fair  
Complexion won't the wet e'er stand.  
Ah! ah! ah!  
The medal's reverse there you see!

A purse-proud parvenu being delighted  
As a fashionable star to shine,  
Such banquets gives that all th' invited  
Deem it "good form" with him to dine.

Ha! ha! ha!

His life-long friends they're pledged to be;  
But when in some "spec" he invests  
That proves a failure, and, in lack  
Of money, from his former guests  
He asks aid, they give him the sack.

Ah! ah! ah!

The medal's reverse there you see!

A trading knave's in estimation  
As a saint through th' amounts he's prompt to  
yield

On his parish-church's restoration,  
By all those who frequent it held.

Ha! ha! ha!

They promise to deal with that devotee;  
But soon 'tis found that what he'd paid  
Was only upon "tick" obtained;

And now, his creditors to evade,  
To fly the neighbourhood he's constrained.

Ah! ah! ah!

The medal's reverse there you see!

A smooth priest's wont to preach *sans* shame  
Sermons that teem with adulation  
Of an opulent reprobate who can claim  
To cures of souls the presentation.

Ha! ha! ha!

He counts on one from th' advowee;

But soon, his debts to satisfy,  
Of which in "hells" he's a contractor,  
The whole of his church-property  
Is sold, and so's th' expectant rector.  
Ah! ah! ah!  
The medal's reverse there you see!

A would-be placeman, who believes  
In principle less than interest,  
To those in power his vote e'er gives,  
Flattering himself 'twill pay him best.  
Ha! ha! ha!  
What dreams of sinecures has he!  
But, just as he's of his support—  
For Ministers could ne'er o'erlook it—  
About to get the meed he sought,  
From office they're compelled to hook it.  
Ah! ah! ah!  
The medal's reverse there you see!

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### GLORIFIED DUST.

Through the half closed shutters of a room  
Wherein a young child was at play,  
Upon one cloudless afternoon  
A gleam of sunshine chanced to stray,

And, as full many a sparkling mote  
Danced up and down that shaft of light,  
An empty box in haste she brought,  
Saying she would catch those stars so bright.



And this upon her lap being set,  
That not one might be lost to ensure,  
She thought 'twas best to cover it  
Most carefully with her pinafore.

But when uncovered 'twas again,  
Oh! how her innocent eyes did stare  
To find her search was all in vain,  
For only dust was lying there.

Yet childish though her error seems,  
Much bigger babies I recall  
Take some who bask in Fortune's beams,  
For stars who're but dust after all!

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## THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

In bygone days when Farmer George was ruling  
o'er the State,  
There lived a country gentleman, who had a large  
estate,  
And all those who to be his tenantry had the ill fate  
Were forced to pay him deference that scarce  
concealed their hate  
Of the Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

He got into the saddle ere the cock the morn did  
greet,  
And rode tantivy all the day, and then returned  
dead beat

A plate of raw beef-steaks like one of his own dogs  
to eat,  
And on strong ale get drunk, until loud snoring in  
his seat

Was the Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

To his snug pew on Sundays he did regularly go  
To hear the parson teach the boors, who sat on  
forms below,  
The place to which the Prayer Book said they had  
been called to know,  
Which if they tried to rise above they'd come to  
endless woe—

Like a Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

So popular education he opposed with all his might,  
Nor would the peasants' 'nighted minds permit the  
faintest light

Of knowledge to illuminate, since he was in a fright  
Lest they should commit forgery when they'd learnt  
to read and write,—

Like a Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

As the Chairman of the Quarter Sessions, many a  
shiv'ring hind

To long terms of transportation he unsparingly  
consigned

For shooting rabbits they did preying on their  
turnips find,

Since to punish such crimes he with th' utmost  
rigour was inclined

Like a Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

When peaceably to talk of Public wrongs a meeting  
showed  
In th' adjacent city streets, which by the law was  
not allowed,  
The yeomanry he headed, and felt of their valour  
proud,  
As with drawn swords they charged on and dispersed  
an unarmed crowd—  
Like a Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

And when his native county he aspired in Parliament  
On the principles of hind'ring all reforms to represent,  
How lavishly his money on the polling-day he spent,  
In paying for the vote he got from each constituent—  
Like a Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

In the House he justified the Act preventing th'  
importation  
Of corn from foreign countries, for although its  
operation  
Might haply of cheap bread deprive the labouring  
population,  
'Twould in the value of his land cause no depreciation—  
Like a Fine Old English Gentleman,  
All of the Olden Time.

And also to those measures his support he ne'er  
denied,  
Which did to country justices the pow'r to gaol  
confide

Whoe'er had published what they chose was treason  
to decide

And robbed him of his right before a jury to be  
tried—

Like a Fine Old English Gentleman  
All of the Olden Time.

But nowadays let's hope none of the quality are fain  
To treat those who are lower in social rank with  
such disdain,

And that none would the savage days of yore wish  
back again,

And that in any country house no specimens remain  
Of the Fine Old English Gentlemen,  
All of the Olden Time.

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## AN EXHIBITION OF INSECTS.

Ah! beauties of the day, who ride  
Th' admired of all in Rotten Row,  
How long may fleeting charms abide  
These ephemeræ full soon will show;  
And you, sir, prone some millionaire  
In th' hope a legacy to gain,  
To serve with sycophantic care,  
A parasite's feelers won't disdain.

Deft milliners who, content to try  
If they an honest crust can earn,  
All day their busy needles ply,  
No working bees would ever spurn;  
Whilst you, fine ladies, wont to ride  
In lazy state to Court levees,  
And wear the robes that these supplied,  
The *ruches* of drones can't fail to please.

Young bachelor, with her beauty's glow  
That ball-room belle has dazed your sight,  
You'd best, ere you your love avow,  
See glow-worms that shine but at night.  
Ah! foolish virgins fain *sans* thought  
To welcome flashy sparks as wooers,  
What fate's in store for you'll be taught  
By moths a treacherous flame allures.

Those would-be prelates who how vain  
Are temporal interests preach, yet won't  
From seats in the Upper House abstain,  
Can't to laud bishops say *nolunt*;  
And you, sir, who're to manifest fain  
The pride you feel in th' high position  
Which by the chance of birth you gain,  
Won't greet a vapourer with derision.

You, plaintiff, who to law would go  
Excessive damages to exact  
From a rich defendant, can't but know  
Why palm oil locusts should attract;  
While, crafty lawyer, who your case '  
So long as you can make succeed,  
Esteem no stratagems too base,  
You'll to a cob's toils fain pay heed.

You, prompt to set a gloss, bland priest,  
Fearing your patron to offend,  
On sin when in fine linen drest,  
Earwigs for sale will recommend;  
And you, who in church make a show  
Of kneeling as in prayer, and yet  
Wax rich by pious frauds, should know  
How mantides their living get.

Miss Prate, you who'd foul scandals fain  
Invent, and fames however fair  
Taint with the maggots of your brain,  
Where blow-flies buzz should be aware.  
And, fierce fanatic, who with spite  
Fly out against all those who durst  
Refuse to deem your doctrines right,  
By you a wasp's sting won't be cursed.

You who, in Parliament, when debates  
May about Church Reforms arise  
As Atheists deem their advocates  
No dumbledore will scandalize  
Crass beaks, to vindicate who trust  
The Majesty of the Law, when you  
Poor waifs, as rogues, in prison thrust  
With sympathy you'll bumbles view.

Harsh ascetics, who while you vent  
Your venom on all of play-going fain  
On seeking private routs are bent  
Of attercops you'll not complain.  
Smug clerics, who while they those denounce  
Who innocent pleasures take as sinners  
For surplice fees upon them pounce  
Will see no harm in money-spinners.

You, creeping timist, wont to prize  
What's wrong, if it in Fashion be  
And unconventional right despise,  
To a Philistine's taste will praise decree,  
And the rich man how all he gives  
A pickthank's gratitude will extract  
Can guess from watching cabbage leaves  
By butterflies they sheltered sacked.

You, Sabbatists, who can't see clear  
Why working-men dull fanes forego  
'Neath Heaven's bright dome glad birds to hear  
How dorrs grope in the dark should know;  
While those low grovellers who explore  
The dirtiest ways by which a rise  
In life to get, cannot ignore  
The spots whereon are bred flesh-flies.

---

### IN SILVER LANE.

In Silver Lane, when vernal breezes blow,  
The blanching thorns, with which each hedge is  
dight,  
Nods interchange with ladysmocks that show  
All argent white.

And when the Summer vivifies the land  
Quick to ope the lily's lustrous buds a  
Beside the bearbinds that full soon expand  
Their candent sheen.

And when the Moon at the ingathering glows,  
The feather-fews beneath its light supply  
Soft gleamy reflexes that may with those  
Of milfoils vie.

While even when to ravaging Winter's reign  
All needs must yield, its glacial hand arrays  
In wreaths of delicate argent filigrane  
The bloomless sprays.

And the year's varying seasons thus proclaim  
That, though known to the Romans some main-  
tain  
As *silva* lane, it yet deserves the name  
Of *silver* lane.

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## A TOO MUCH UP TO DATE ECHO.

(Imitated from the French by PONS DE VEDDUN.)

Fain at a garden party was, of late,  
A guest some wondrous echo to bepraise  
Which hearing, "Bah!" a vapouring Johnnie says,  
"An echo like that isn't up to date."  
"But do you know, sir, that we've certain made  
That nine or ten times sounds it renders." "Pish!  
'Tis in my park that all should show a head  
When a rare echo they to hear may wish."  
"More rare than this?" "Rather!" "Then, it  
we'll hear,  
For to your park to-morrow we'll repair."  
"I shall expect you, then, so no excuse."  
The Johnnie, as he's going, plans some ruse,  
His inn re-enters, and calls Giles, whose state  
Was that of gardener, "you expert are thought;  
Could you, if needful, the echo imitate."  
"Yes, master, sure, for easier there's nought,  
Say to me 'Holloa,' Holloa I'll repeat."  
"Attend to the order, then, that's given you, now,  
To-morrow morn, we'll to the manor hie,  
Hide yourself in a grove the pond hard-by,  
But without letting anybody know,  
There, you, while, by degrees, your voice you lower,  
E'en as an echo, twenty times say o'er



What may to you this or that person say."

"You'll every attention, sir, ensure,

More than my prayers this in my mind I'll weigh."

Next morning, with ears pricked-up, but, unseen,  
Giles, on the look-out, stood a grove within.

Lo! all the visitors now are drawing nigh.

"You such an echo, for a lark," they cry,

"Must have invented." "You will hear it."

"Stuff!"

"When we shall have arrived near yonder brake

How groundless are your doubts, I, soon, shall  
prove.

Now, we are here. To start 'tis time enough,

Madam, will you, first, to my echo speak?

But, high as possible, the accents of

Your voice to elevate you care should take."

"Oh! sir, for you to do that fittest were,

Loud voices always the best echoes give."

Whereon, the Johnnie shouted, "Are you there?"

And the echo answered, "I've been here since  
five!"

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## THE WORSHIP OF THE RISING SUN.

A spaniel famed for crouching, and  
A readiness to turn tail showing,  
A bulldog, from a distance, scanned  
Who with a bull was battle doing,

And, as the bulldog, first, did seem  
Than his opponent much more strong,  
Ran toward the scene of action, him  
To gratulate, with wagging tongue:

But, as it chanced, his haste could less  
Well-timed have scarcely been, for at  
That very moment, with success,  
The taurine warrior was elate.

The spaniel who'd with praise to greet  
The bulldog's triumph come, express,  
When thus he him at bay did meet,  
Seeing that he'd got into a mess,

His ears hung, and, with craft, disguising  
The compliment for the bulldog meant  
Was to the bull to fit, devising  
With him to curry favour, bent.

But his soft sawder was quite lost  
Upon the bull who, straight, did bellow  
"That you're at fault, I see, and must  
To shifts resort, you doubling fellow ;

"Although you paw me, now, 'twas not  
My praises with a view to sound  
That here you hied, since you but thought  
Biting the dust I should be found ;

"You'll not me with mouth-honour gull  
For by the nose I can't be led."  
Saying which, *sans* more ado, the bull  
To toss the treacherous cur made speed.

Thus, in life's battle, trimmers e'er  
The side which looks the winning, prone  
To slaver, haply'll find that they're  
Without a leg to stand upon.

## THE RESURRECTION OF THE EARTH.

*(Imitated from the French of FRANÇOIS FABIÉ.)*

The Winter seemed to have sealed her in the tomb,  
And, from th' hill-top to th' hollow of the combe,  
Cold, she reposed in her white winding-sheet ;  
Imprisoned was her stream, and dumb her glade,  
Her sky with crows replete no lark displayed,  
And in her vigorous flanks nought longer beat.

But that perennial's the Earth the peasant weens  
That the shroud, all in vain, her face now screens  
Soon by a vernal breath to be withdrawn,  
And, 'gainst the tomb's embraces struggling e'er,  
That stronger, younger, fruitfuller, and more fair,  
The Earth, at Easter, will again be born.

And, lo ! e'en now, upon her shoulders bare,  
By the warm breath come one knows not from  
where,  
Her cloak of rime is rent, and liquefies ;  
Now, too, her eyes reopen in blue lakes,  
And to the winds in th' everlasting brakes  
Slow waves her hair at th' edge of the deep  
skies.

She is enrobed in fields of rye and wheat,  
Her glowing mountains, where are th' eagles set,  
Burst out, like a full breast with rosy teat,  
'Neath her balmed feet the periwinkles flower,  
And she, a calm revenge Death taking o'er,  
Smiles in her tomb now with the Sun replete.

And this her smile says, " See ! I'm living yet ;  
That long, rough Winter you all trembled at  
Did to collect my strength a brief space yield,  
And to incubate the grain one trusts to me ;  
'Twas just time for the springs of Life to be  
When travail is o'erpast, anew, refilled ;

" Come, all who herds of sheep or oxen tend,  
Or who fell wood, sons of the rich ploughland,  
And of the grass-clad mount, and naked moor,  
I prepare for you, men so confident,  
Before the golden harvest that of scent,  
And the nest's song that of the corn before.

" Shepherd, bring back your flocks the tall heath in,  
Woodcutter, enter you, once more, the glen,  
And, axe in hand, to quiver make the dells,  
You, with yoked oxen, go, and cleave the plain,  
You, o'er the vine-stock bent, with spades again,  
Turn the clay that's so red where sink your  
heels.

" Work cheerly, children, for you're loved by me,  
Like a swarmed hive, disperse o'er ev'ry lea,  
Letting your hearts expand, now Winter's o'er,  
And, if to doubt someone e'en yet is given,  
Oh ! lark, to give him hope back, mount to  
Heaven,  
And of my wakening the Hallelujah pour !"

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## A THIRTY-NINE ARTICLED CLERK'S JEREMIAD.

Oh ! for the times when those who, being past six-  
teen, declined  
To be edified in Church were for six months in quod  
confined ;

And, if they so backslided twice, there for a year  
were sent,  
And, if three times, their merited doom was lifelong  
banishment.

Then, those who for the Common Prayer contempt,  
in words, dared show,  
Were fined one thousand pounds, the first time, and  
the second, two ;  
The third, were gaoled for life, their goods being to  
the Crown estreated,  
And these penalties the Ordinaries, for their soul's  
health, meted.

Those who in corporate bodies, then, or under  
Government,  
Took posts, were forced to get that they had ta'en  
the Sacrament,  
A lawful cleric to certify, as by the Church pre-  
scribed,  
And also'd to its Thirty-Nine sound Articles sub-  
scribed.

Then, was that good Act passed by which those who\*  
to worship joined  
In any place *sans* using the Church Liturgy were  
fined  
Five pounds the congregation, and the minister ten  
more,  
While the owner of the schism-shop was mulcted in  
a score.

Then, save in seamanship, mechanics, or "three  
R's," none aught  
Might Youth instruct, if to the Church conformity  
they'd not  
Declared, or had no license from an Ordinary which  
Was rightly void, if they e'er failed its Catechism  
to teach.

Then, no man, as a schoolmaster, himself might  
occupy,  
Nor might a woman, as a midwife, her vocation  
ply,  
Nor marriages might any would-be happy pair  
contract,  
Did a Right Reverend Father in God to license  
them object.

Then, could no tainted heretics get their union  
legalized,  
If with the service of the Church it wasn't  
solemnized ;  
Nor register a child's birth if 'twas by no Church  
font made  
A child of grace, nor without Church rites be in  
Churchyards laid.

But those Red-Letter days are gone, and Mother  
Church no more  
Of punishing her sacrilegious sons has got the  
pow'r,  
And they only roar with laughter, when we preach  
that by negation  
Of any of her dogmas they'll incur in Hell damna-  
tion.

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## A BLIGHTED HOPE.

*(Imitated from the French of EUGÈNE MANUEL.)*

Oh ! what a shrine, nine months, has she mused on  
The child to fête of whom God does dispose !  
He must a cradle have than which the son  
Of no King, howe'er grand, a grander knows !

Her wicker-work and simple wood repel !

The artist's sketched the shape that she requires :  
She nacre with rosewood to inlay desires ;

'Twould be of massive gold had she her will !

Nought seems too costly, nor lace, nor guipure,  
In which to frame with white that head so pure,  
In the bed that she'd for his calm sleep make.

He's come, the child that she did so revere,

'Tis made, the cradle—in which none can wake!—  
It is of oak, ah ! me, 'tis but a bier.

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## THE POWER OF FACE.

It happened the same roof beneath,  
But pent in different cages, that  
A bullfinch living to be with  
A jackdaw was, once, doomed by fate.

But while the house each livelong day  
With harmony to entertain,  
His notes, as soft, and sweet as they  
Were varied, one to pour was fain,

The other, with discordant caws  
For breakfast did his keepers tire  
At sunrise, and renewed them as  
Oft as he might a meal desire ;

From which there, clearly, was no hope  
Of getting e'en the least repose  
Till with the choicest food his crop  
By cramming, they his bill did close.

But, as the dulcet songster too  
: Retiring was to ask for aught,  
They quite to find for him a due  
Supply of sustenance forgot,

Till he, in time, did not one scrap  
Of millet in his larder get,  
Nor from his cellar with a drop  
Of water could his whistle wet.

So, ere long, while, by kicking up  
Th' old row, Jack in high feather stayed,  
They chanced to view the luckless nope,  
Through their remissness, lying dead.

Thus oft, in life, Jacksauces may  
Be confident the cake of taking  
To which their sole right is that they  
A claim for it are, always, making.



## KNOWN BY THEIR FRUITS.

*(Imitated from the French of J. PORCHAT.)*

The rye, one day, did elevate  
In haughty wise, its empty head,  
And to the wheat, its brother, said  
“Do you yourself my equal rate?”

“When I, like some colossus, tower  
O'er all the cereals round I see,  
And, when those trembling *genera* cower,  
And humbly pay their court to me,



"Dare you, sole, in that crowd obscure,  
Upright to rest my presence in  
That Nature did, can you ignore,  
Make you a subject, me a King?"

"You, King! By size," the wheat then said,  
"Does one select a Sovereign?  
If Heaven me with a straw has made  
Less big, it gave me better grain.

"Of sway, too, why are you inclined,  
And rank, and precedence, to be vain;  
You should, dear boy, just bear in mind,  
Our master is the harvest-man.

"Your head, to-day, swelled out although  
It be, the blows soon of the flail  
Will feel, and, like us, in the stall  
Only as so much litter show."

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## A VOLLEY OF EPIGRAMS.

### THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

Fancying throughout his sermon he espied  
One of his flock asleep a cleric cried,  
"No preaching heard in Hell there is!"  
"Do you know why?" 's the unforeseen retort,  
"'Tis not because of Parsons Hell is short,  
But there they get no salaries!"

### LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THAT.

To me in the Mairie of Orleans' town  
Are a couple of portraits of Joan of Arc shown;  
In that which depicts her in armour arrayed,  
Of her tresses the lightest of auburn's the shade,

While those are as black as a crow's jetty plume  
In that representing her meeting her doom,  
The inference is obvious for thus 'tis implied,  
That the ill-fated Maid, before dying, had dyed.

## A FAIR OFFER.

At any altar that you like, to swear  
Eternal love I'd willingly agree,  
As soon as ever, on your part, my dear,  
You've sworn that loveable you'll always be.

## A NEW TAMING OF THE SHREW.

One day her utmost virulence  
A shrew upon her husband vents,  
But he, cool as a cucumber,  
Two sovereigns, straight, presents to her.  
"Pray, what's this for?" quick, in surprise,  
She asks; he no less quick replies,  
"Of breeches 'tis to buy a pair,  
For mine I'm damned if you shall wear."

## AN APPLICATION.

Quoth Robin, "'Tis but fair to claim,  
Sweet girl, when you my heart inflame,  
With your enkindling eye,  
This worst of all heart-burns to calm,  
Your dewy lips the soothing balm  
Of kisses should apply."

## AN IGNORED BEATITUDE.

To a preacher who preached a dull sermon on bliss,  
'Tis said, one who heard it and met him, said this,  
"There is one kind of bliss you to mention forgot  
That's enjoyed by all those who your sermon  
heard not."

## THE TRAPPINGS AND THE SUITS OF WOE.

'Tis said, as a fine lady viewed the state  
With which the dust and ashes of her mate  
Were to their place of burial brought,  
She cried aloud, "Oh! how o'erjoyed would be  
My dear departed husband this to see!  
So much of ceremonies he always thought!"

## THE FOLLOWERS OF DONKEYS.

The fashionists who to be followed by flunkys  
Wherever they go are inclined,  
It is said, have, at least, this in common with  
donkeys,  
They ne'er walk without someone behind.

## A ROYAL ROAD TO LEARNING.

A prince's slave, 'tis said, being asked what best  
Had learnt his master in his study's course,  
That 'twas to ride on horseback, quick, confessed,  
For he was never flattered by a horse.

## ANCESTORS TO ORDER.

Of an heraldic writer who to show  
His own House older than it was thought fit,  
'Twas said that while life men, in general, owe  
To their forefathers he to his gave it.

## THE FIRST CONSIDERATION.

To a young fashionable lady who,  
To make a marriage *à la mode* being bent,  
With undue warmth made manifest at the view  
Of the rich robes by her intended sent,

What joy she felt, 'tis said, the milliner  
Who brought them, and had witnessed what occurred,  
Made this remark, "By you, miss, it is clear,  
The present to the future is preferred."

## NO DISTINCTION OF PERSONS.

While many a fulsome speech was made  
By courtiers who with these essayed,  
The favours of a king to earn.  
A donkey being heard to bray,  
'Tis said that he exclaimed, "Oh! pray,  
Let ev'ry one speak in his turn."

## A JUDGMENT UNFIT FOR PARIS.

'Tis said that when some ladies, who, 'twas plain,  
Their cheeks with rouge had thickly plastered  
o'er,  
And who were present when a King would fain  
An audience give to an Ambassador,  
And that how him their beauty had impressed,  
The King was wishful of himself acquainting;  
His views, he answered, could not be expressed  
On that point, since he was no judge of painting.

## A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

There was a dog, 'tis said, that flew  
At a traveller who'd a halberd got,  
And which he thrust it's body through  
And thus destroyed it on the spot.  
And when its master then proceeded  
'Gainst him, and damages exacted,  
The dog having flown at him, he pleaded  
That 'twas in self-defence he'd acted,

"But," said the Judge, "you could have used  
Your halberd's butt-end." "I'd have done  
Just so, my Lord," replied the accused,  
"Had with its tail it at me run."

## BORROWED MERIT.

'Twas said of a nobleman, who to display  
His pride in the fact that he such a long way  
Could trace back his family was fain,  
"What small merit one must possess of one's own  
When by that which one's forefathers had one  
alone  
Endeavours esteem to obtain."

## A PALPABLE HIT.

To a man, 'tis said, who, being to blustering given,  
Was into a quarrel by another driven,  
And which he tamely bore, and who designed  
To try th' aggressor, afterwards, to find,  
But, not discovering him, swore if he so  
Had done, that he'd have struck him many a blow,  
That someone hearing him observed, "'Tis plain  
To make a restitution that you're fain."

## THE COURTIER'S GOLDEN RULES.

'Tis said, a courtier, who was well aware  
What were the rights and duties of his clan,  
To a youth who asked how one at Court might fare,  
Replied, "These rules to observe must be your  
plan,  
Of ev'ry one speak well, demand whate'er  
You want, and seat yourself whene'er you can."

## THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

'Tis said a man known to be versed in the ways  
Of the world, and whom someone had slandered,  
When he heard of it, cried, "I am filled with amaze,  
Since no service to him I e'er rendered."

## WHAT GOES WITHOUT SAYING.

A fool a stranger fallen in a well espied,  
And to know who had put him in there sought,  
"That's not the question," it is said replied  
The latter, but how he might pull him out.

## THE GAME OF A DEVOTEE.

A devotee who'd penitently averred  
That she'd for play an overweening love,  
And to whom the loss of time thereby incurred  
Great pains had her confessor ta'en to prove,  
"Ah, yes," 'tis said, to interrupt him hasted,  
"The cards in shuffling so much time is wasted."

## A PLACE-HUNTER'S RISE.

A place-hunter, each sinecure being fain  
Whenever it was vacant to obtain,  
When by his valet asked at what hour he  
On the next morning would awakened be  
Was, it is said, accustomed to reply,  
"At ten—if nobody to-night should die."

## A BALANCE AT THE BANK OF ELEGANCE.

A spendthrift, it is said, being asked to what  
The fortune might amount that he had got  
Gave this reply, "I have no fortune, though  
By Jove! a doosed handsome one I owe."

## GOLDEN SILENCE.

'Tis said two members of a congregation  
Who a dull sermon had been doomed to hear  
Met after church, and one the observation  
Made that the preacher'd better done last year ;  
"But not once during last year did he preach,"  
The other, in surprise, to cry was fain,  
"Precisely," the first speaker answered, "which  
The reason is that he did better then."

## AN EYE-WATERING PLACE.

A palace is a place e'er known,  
'Tis said, for being with smoke replete,  
Which those who've been there oft are prone  
With tears in their eyes to quit.

## AN AIR-DRAWN LEGACY.

'Tis said a man, fain how his will to draw,  
To instruct two legacy-hunting men of law,  
Having left so many legacies that they would  
Swallow up all of which possessed he stood,  
Made in these lawyers' favour a bequest,  
And they, being mute till then, by th' interest  
They had in this were forced, without demur,  
Thus to interrupt him, "We must ask you, sir,  
Out of what can one pay that legacy ?  
On that point rests your will's validity."  
"Yes," the testator said, "I know that, too,  
And, Gad, it puzzles me as well as you."

## IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

'Tis said a female devotee  
To a saint prayed that her spouse might be  
A convert made, but when he died,  
While she th' effect was waiting, cried  
"What a good saint he is, for more  
He gives me than I asked him for!"

## THE WISH FATHER TO THE THOUGHT.

A queen, 'tis said, when in an audience which  
She to some foreign ambassadors did grant,  
Their spokesman to an end had brought his speech,  
Asked of a courtier, who, though ignorant  
He of their tongue was, as th' interpreter  
Had acted, what was said, she being fain  
To know how it should answered be by her,  
And boldly he replied, "That no queen, then,  
E'en the whole of Europe had the power to show  
Either as great, or beautiful, or good  
As is your Majesty." But a stranger who  
Was within earshot, and who understood  
Their language well, thought proper to declare  
That they'd not one word uttered of that sort,  
On which the courtier cried, "Oh! if they ne'er  
Uttered such words, they to have done so ought."

## MAKING IT PATENT.

'Tis said a spendthrift of high rank, who with  
A wealthy hag a marriage had contracted,  
Revell'd at her expense, while for her death  
He only longed, since with the dower extracted  
From her a fair girl he his wife could make,  
But his neglect the sold tuft-hunter did  
Not apprehend so much as that he'd take  
It in his head by the happy despatch to rid



Himself of her ; and, thus to pass it came

One day, when there was company in the house,  
That she, being taken ill, was fain to exclaim

That she was poisoned, "Poisoned !" cried her  
spouse,

"And who is it that you accuse, pray, of

That crime ?" She answered "You !" "Oh !  
incorrecter,

My friends," he cried, "what could be, and, to prove  
It is a lie, you have but to dissect her."

#### A HOLY SOAKER.

A cleric, who'd the sun got in his eyes,  
Being called upon a baby to baptize,  
As he the Prayer-Book's leaves kept fumbling over  
The proper place to read from to discover,  
'Tis said, at last, exclaimed with passion wild,  
"'Tis hard a child of God to make this child !"

#### CONVICTED OUT OF HIS OWN MOUTH.

'Tis said to announce a preachman did begin  
Of holding forth on patience his design,  
And that the needfulness of practising  
That virtue to his flock he home would bring,  
And from so doing what benefits one draws,  
Whate'er may chance, when he to show did pause,  
By signs, the verger that the church door he did  
Want shut, and, then, with his discourse proceeded ;  
"Patience a virtue is, dear bretheren,  
—Shut that door, verger, you my wish must ken—  
Yes ! patience is, dear bretheren, *sans* doubt,  
A virtue—Will you, verger, that door shut—  
A virtue patience is—" then, he did roar  
In wrath, "Dammee ! why don't you shut that  
door !"

## SPLICING THE WORLD AND RELIGION.

'Twas said of a rich pluralist who  
 Preached on contempt of wealth, how graced  
 He with that virtue was to show,  
 That he had at the church door placed  
 A man, with forms of order, who'd  
 Propose to all the church frequenting  
 That they to the expenses should  
 Contribute of his sermon printing.

## NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A LORD SPIRITUAL.

A pulpiteer in haste, 'tis said,  
 Before his diocesan bade  
 To preach, for his dull sermon prayed  
 Thus to be pardoned, " Since I had  
 No time, my lord, for preparation,  
 The Holy Ghost I trusted to,  
 But I shall come, the next occasion,  
 Prepared, and, then, shall better do."

## A MALAPROPRIAN ANATHEMA.

A mawworm 'gainst the stage did thus reveal,  
 'Tis said, in Malaproprian wise, his gall,  
 " Yes ! tragedy is, dear bretheren, of hell  
 The lobby, comedy its ante-hall ! "

## A WAY OF DOING DUTY.

Of a dull smite-cushion each Sunday who  
 Did preach, but hid the whole week's remnant  
 through  
 To be 'gainst creditors defensible,  
 'Twas said " Whereas invisible's that man  
 During six days in ev'ry week, he on  
 The seventh is incomprehensible."

## PREPARING FOR THE FATE OF EUTYCHUS.

When a long-winded preacher did announce  
That he his sermon should divide into  
A score of heads, 'tis said that all at once  
One of the congregation left his pew,  
And being by another asked where he  
In such a hurry went, without demur,  
"To fetch my night-cap," made reply, "for we,  
From what I've heard, are fated to sleep here."

## AN UNEDIFYING SERMON.

'Tis said a homilist once did deem  
Of his discourse to make the theme  
The evils that he held would rise  
From taking part in lotteries,  
"In nought but these," with wrath, he cried,  
"The livelong day you're occupied;  
One dreams of them at night, and back  
One calls the dreams when one does wake,  
Then, to one's neighbour, swift as thought,  
One goes and says, 'I dreamt about  
Numbers 13 and 64,  
And those to take one should make sure,'  
One that infernal gulf into  
Of chance is prompt the cash to throw  
Which food was destined to obtain  
For your unhappy brats, who fain  
Must starving find themselves full soon—"  
And thus he fulminated on  
Till, quite with his exertions spent,  
And, needing rest, as he was bent  
The pulpit staircase to come down,  
A matron caught him by the gown

Who to him, "Oh! reverend sir," did say,  
"For stopping you excuse me, pray,  
But weren't the numbers named in your  
Sermon, 13 and 64?"

## SAT UPON BY A SITTER UNDER.

A wordy pulpитеer discovering in  
Th' enjoyment of an after-dinner doze  
One of his flock whom he awoke, and, then  
To come and hear his preaching did propose,  
'Tis said, at once, received this answer pat,  
"Excuse me, I shall sleep well without that."

## A FOOLISH CAUSE OF UMBRAGE.

*(From the French.)*

How often one's made to look foolish by pride,  
A man who to do the grand makes it the aim  
Of his life th' other day I observed filled with  
shame,  
Because on the ground he'd his shadow descried.

## FEEDING THE BLOWFLIES.

*(From the French.)*

'Tis a wonder how many one oft may perceive  
Who, never, apparently, tire  
Of making a fortune that they'll at last leave  
To those who their death most desire.

## A GREAT LOSS.

*(From the French.)*

A neighbour is dead, and my part I to bear,  
In the grief of his widow make speed,  
“How great is your loss, ma’am?” “It is, sir,  
indeed!  
No less than two thousand a year.”

## THE LAST CONSIDERATION.

*(From the French.)*

At having his self saved being but too glad  
To Moneybags Screw betrothed his dowerless  
daughter,  
To Church, in silence, to her sire a martyr  
She went, resigned, but when her future’d said  
“I will,” a speech to be recalled with pain,  
And the priest asked her if she’d say so too,  
“Alas!” she answered, “in this matter, you  
Are the first who’ve sought my will to ascertain.”

## DYING FOR HIS COUNTRY’S GOOD.

*(From the French.)*

Here lies one who place in the State to ensure  
By jobbery an easy way made,  
Though no service to his country he rendered  
before  
In his burial place he was laid.

## AN INTOLERANT PRIEST.

*(From the French.)*

Here lies a priest who 'neath his sway  
Was wont on Earth his flock to cow,  
His soul to Heaven he's rendered now,  
But if Heaven took it I can't say.

## A TYRANT'S BLISS.

*(From the French.)*

I to propagate crimes being deputed by Hell,  
While living to make many suffer enjoyed,  
Still I'm happy that here I find victims as well,  
Since the worms preying on me of poison have  
died.

## PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.

*(From the French.)*

Of you I e'er speak well, and still  
Of me you ceaselessly speak ill,  
But strange the fate's we share together  
Neither will credence give to either !

## THE CLAIMS OF NATURE.

*(From the French.)*

An ancient Druid, boastful of his race,  
Another's deference for himself to gain,  
Declared that of his fatherland 'twere vain,  
To seek a native who'd the face  
To sit while he was by, or wear his hat.  
Our friend, who was no fool, this speech  
Then made as, with donned castor down he sat,  
"Have they, then, neither head nor breech?"

## TRANSFERABLE CHARMS.

*(From the French.)*

If I praise your complexion, dear,  
When Rougewell, the drug-vendor's near,  
He says, with a self-satisfied look,  
Which gives my feelings quite a shock,  
" 'Twill her complexion, I admit,  
Be, when by her I'm paid for it."

## A TIME-SERVEATIVE M.P.

*(From the French.)*

How strange the weakness of the human race,  
Says Bribe's representative in the House,  
I, of Lord Oldacre being emulous,  
For nine years note what changes have ta'en place  
In the minority 've been both Reds and Blues,  
But I the public fickleness bemocking,  
During that time no qualms my conscience  
shocking,  
To the majority'd ne'er my vote refuse.

## A VIPER'S NOURISHMENT.

*(From the French.)*

Though Foulmouth, doubtless, is in need,  
His love of slandering must impede  
One's wish help on him to bestow.  
No purse than his can be more light,  
And nothing he to eat finds now,  
Yet always finds a back to bite.

## A COURT OF TERMINER SANS OYER.

*(From the French.)*

"Silence in Court I'll have," with rage,  
Exclaimed the learned personage  
Who over it presided.  
"There's such a noise that, 'pon my word,  
Out of ten cases I've decided  
Not one of them I've heard."

## A WATER SILLY.

*(From the French.)*

One fine June day, while bathing in the river,  
A clod into a pit to fall was seen,  
Some swimmers took the trouble to endeavour  
To drag him out. Nor failed they, or he'd  
been,  
Beyond doubt, drowned. When he perceived  
the shore  
His senses he recovered by degrees  
So well that, courage plucking up once more,  
He Heaven called on in such terms as these ;  
"Of bathing, if henceforward I am fain,  
Let my desires be changed without delay,  
For in the water I'll ne'er go again,  
Until to swim I shall have learnt the way."

## A VERY OLD STORY.

*(From the French.)*

A schoolboy, hearing with surprise  
Two beldames each aged eighty years,  
And dowagers,  
The present time anathematize,



Exclaimed, "Don't, grannies, fret your eyes,  
Two centuries hence this age you curse,  
All who are *temporis acti* worshippers,  
As 'good old times' will eulogize."

## AN UNBLUSHING MUGWUMP.

(*From the French.*)

To assume ev'ry colour so prompt he has been  
That he's said a chameleon's nature to own.  
Ev'ry colour? How one's to exaggerate prone!  
To blush I have ne'er yet him seen.

## FEATHERING HIS NEST.

(*From the French.*)

A place-hunter six children who'd begot,  
And who'd in th' House a seat, was wont each  
night  
To say, "I, always, sir, to give my vote  
For ev'ry Government's measures deem it right."  
His friends of such repeated statements tired,  
Remarked, "What is't that, now, you seem to  
dread?  
Has not each child of yours a place acquired?"  
Said he, "My wife will soon be brought to bed."

## CHEAP AT THE PRICE.

(*From the French.*)

"'Tis, my Lord Squander, of the best  
Of cloth that Snip has cut your vest,  
'Twas fifteen crowns an ell." "Egad!  
That's dear." "But it 'on tick' was bought."  
"Scissors! a bargain, then, you've made;  
Your waistcoat you've obtained for nought."

## A HYPOCRITE PAR EXCELLENCE.

*(From the French.)*

An evildoer who'd in his trade grown grey  
 Of vice, alike the model and instrument,  
 Made for himself to Fortune a new way,  
 Louder than any lay-clerk, as he went  
 From choir to font he prayers was heard to say,  
 While with this novel exercise, one day,  
 He on himself exerting was intent,  
 Said Satan, "Do you serving me repent?  
 My trusty friend, this alteration's queer,  
 How dull th' affairs that, now, your time employ."  
 "The devil's no fool," he, aside, said, with a leer,  
 "If I to him a devotee appear,  
 Of making more dupes what a chance have I!"

## A FULL OF BEANS TITHER.

*(From the French.)*

A prelate who great possessions owns  
 Having observed, in boastful tones,  
 "I can't divine how one can live  
 When one less than ten thou' a year has got,"  
 "Your grandsire," one who heard him says, "could  
     give  
 You th' information by you sought."

## A BEREAVED NEPHEW.

*(From the French.)*

Miss Marigold's nephew Pickthank made  
 Cocksure ere she 'neath th' earth was laid,  
 That she'd a plum to him devise.

But all that he's inherited  
 Being scarce a doit, "I should," he cries  
 "Feel as pleased if Aunt wasn't dead."

## PLENTY OF BRASS, BUT NO SILVER.

*(From the French.)*

Wherefore to feel surprise think fit?  
Lord Squander's beggared, and in spite of that  
He's always served, you say, on silver plate.  
What then? He borrows none but it.

## A BLUSTERING LICKDISH.

*(From the French.)*

"I always," Smellfeast says, "dine out."  
That he speaks truly I've no doubt,  
Because of dinners he'd have none  
If nobody e'er gave him one.

## THE CRIME OF BEING FOUND OUT.

*(From the French.)*

At last an artful magsman was  
Run in, though wanted long in vain.  
Being in the witness-box, "Alas!  
I've done far worse," to cry he's fain.  
What's the crime which he of committing  
Pleads guilty he the Judge to apprise  
Is asked, "Why, s'elp me bob! 'twas letting  
The coppers nab me," he replies.

## STOLEN FRUIT NOT THE SWEETEST.

*(From the French.)*

I'm far from any pleasure feeling,  
Fair Rose, from you a kiss in stealing,  
But find the taste most exquisite,  
Of that I by my merits gain,  
While goods illgotten, I maintain,  
Their owners never benefit.

## A LEGACY-HUNTING MOURNER.

*(From the French.)*

A spendthrift in a blazoned carriage,  
Miss Moneybags, you marks eagerly,  
You fancy that his aim is marriage,  
His aim's your Will to profit by.  
He thinks that to him your last hour'll give  
Possession of your property ;  
But if you'd have him for you grieve  
Don't leave him anything when you die.

## TOFFED UP ON THE CHEAP.

*(From the French.)*

Himself being dressed up to the eyes,  
Lord Squander's ever prompt to flee  
My coat, which he says, testifies  
To having been two years in wear.  
To say that he is wrong, I won't ;  
My coat is that old, I allow,  
But, on the other hand, I don't,  
Like him, for coats a tailor owe.

## DOSSING AT OTHER PEOPLE'S EXPENSE.

*(From the French.)*

A swindler who by shady specs  
Grew rich, being fain to do the grand  
Flashes before our eyes his hand  
That a high-priced carbuncle decks.  
One might say fairly, seeing there  
The ring in which that stone is set,  
A ring's not for his finger fit,  
He ought one on his leg to wear.

## A SCANDAL-MONGERING SMELL-FEAST.

*(From the French.)*

Of hunger 'tis manifest that Backbite would die,  
Sans the dinners that e'er, as a guest, he frequents,  
For never his mouth, being so ready to lie,  
Will he open, except at another's expense.

## ONE FAIR REFLECTION ON ANOTHER.

*(From the French.)*

Amaryllis in her glass oft fain  
To fancy that so fair she's shown,  
Makes me feel desperate, since 'tis plain  
She's amorous of herself alone ;  
In love affairs you'll " bad biz " do,  
Your mistress being your rival too.

## A STOCK-IN-TRADE OF CHARMS.

*(From the French.)*

You shouldn't say that Miss Dudess  
Does not a single charm possess,  
To speak thus, sure's inaccurate ;  
Learn, if you would the truth get at,  
She has at home so many that  
Some t' every belle she can regrade,  
Or if the same thing you'd that I  
Say in a way less roundabout  
If charms Miss Dudess is without  
She well knows where she them can buy.

## CHARITY THAT IS PUFFED UP.

*(From the French.)*

E'er prone his bounties to parade  
Before some guests that he'd invited  
To dine, a hierarch delighted,  
His store of silver plate displayed ;  
Bowls, salvers, spoons and forks, in short,  
The *chef-d-œuvres* by crack goldsmiths wrought,  
Were a fine sideboard seen to lade ;  
But the guests showing astonishment,  
Th' episcopalian vapourer said,  
" All this the poor, 'tis my intent,  
Who're in my diocese shall share."  
Said someone, then, " There's no denying  
That the gift's large, yet you could spare,  
As well, the cost of it supplying."

---

## AN UNSPOKEN LANGUAGE.

*(Imitated from an Old French Eclogue.)*

" My heart for you, sweet Rosalie,  
Is kindled by Love's burning flame,  
Oh ! that you would confess for me  
Your tender heart may be the same."

" No, Robin, no,  
You ought to know  
Albeit a girl in secret can  
Joy in th' affection of a man  
She needn't say so ! "

“ But with a word there is no need  
To say that you return my love,  
A passionate kiss from you's a deed  
Which, of itself, enough would prove.”

“ No, Robin, no,  
You ought to know  
That kiss a girl will never give,  
When stol'n she laughs in her sleeve,  
But needn't say so ! ”

Robin at last, a kiss has ta'en,  
But she keeps silence all the while ;  
Boldly he robs her lips again  
Till o'er them plays an artful smile.

“ Yes, Robin, so  
You clearly show  
That in Love one can with ease  
Th' avowal make that's sure to please  
Without speaking tho' ! ”

---

## CUTTING BOTH WAYS.

A cleric, 'tis said, his tithes to get  
On a quaker barber served a writ  
Whose tongue, as by this tale is seen,  
Was than his razor no less keen.  
He seeks at first an explanation  
From plaintiff why with litigation  
He should annoy him, since he felt  
Sure that with him he'd never dealt.  
“ For tithes,” the pastor's prompt to say.  
“ For tithes ? on what account, I pray ? ”

- “For preaching in the church.” “But, friend,  
Since I to church my way ne’er wend,  
’Tis clear to pay thee I have nought.”
- “But, sir,” is the hieratic retort,  
“You might, for you would find my doors  
Open at all convenient hours.”  
To this Friend Suds makes no response  
But’s fain for forty shillings at once  
The clerical litigant to sue  
Which from him, he contends, is due.  
’Tis now the divine’s desire to know  
For what the money he might owe.
- “For shaving, friend.” “For shaving! Ne’er  
Have I been shaved by you, I swear.”
- “No, but thou might’st have come to me,  
And been shaved if thou’dst wished to be,  
For thou would’st open find my doors,  
Like thine, at all convenient hours.”
- 

## THE WHITE CAMELLIA.

*(Imitated from the French of A. SPINELLI.)*

The alabaster’s lustre, pale daybreak,  
Nuphars that nacreous waters close around,  
Wing of a turtle, snow yet free from speck,  
Unsere magnolias that with gloss abound,

Pearl that the Ocean on its breast break views,  
The May-moon’s ray, the Parian marble’s grain  
That the sun floods with light, own less white hues  
Than my complexion near which lilies wane.



Th' enchanting charm, the grace supreme, sought  
o'er

The brow a diadem circles are my dower,  
I e'en an angel's spotless candour show.

Of th' ideal beauty, the seductive power,  
I've all a girl can dream of here below,  
All—save perfume which the heart is of a flower.

---

## GENEROSITY ON THE CHEAP.

A crafty wolf to quit compelled  
By hunger an adjacent shaw,  
And who, while prowling in a field,  
By chance a heap of barley saw,

“ Oh ! what a prize,” with wagging tail,  
Exclaimed, “ were I of th' ovine breed  
Would this be, since sheep, I recall,  
That barley, bleat, is peerless feed.”

Then to this seeming windfall stole,  
Then, keenly, it began to smell,  
And soon to taste, then, with a howl,  
Did from him in disgust repel,

But as a horse, turned out to grass,  
Just at that moment came in view,  
“ Old hoss,” thus quick to greet him was,  
“ Come here, I've looking been for you.

“ The choicest tit-bits in this pile  
For you I've hoarded, and to see  
You now your head off eating will,  
Sure, seem the height of bliss to me.

“But for himself another fain  
These cerealia would guard ;  
For my part, rather I’d abstain  
From them if not by you they’re shared.”

The horse, who’d now drawn near, being led  
Politely by the wolf to the heap,  
“What!” glancing at it, drily neighed,  
“Barley! Of that yourself to strip

“For my sake, courtesy was, indeed,  
And for which to requite you now,  
A dead ass which I’ve in yon mead  
Just found I will on you bestow.

“Though for himself that animal food  
Another’d but to guard be bent,  
Yet Heaven forbid than you I should  
Be at all less beneficent.”

Credit, a cheap philanthropist  
For offering someone else what he  
Knows for his mill can be no grist,  
To take prompt as this wolf will be.

---

## A SUDDEN STORM.

*(Imitated from the French of CAMILLE DELTHIL.)*

Rigged is the ship, the national flag to float,  
At the wind, fain is o’er its mast so proud,  
With all sail set, it, vibrating shoots out,  
And cheered is, as they watch it, by the crowd.

Unruffled's th' azure, by the breeze caressed  
Is th' Ocean, whose wrath does so easily rise,  
All of good omen seems, and, gone to rest,  
The sailor of the East's treasures dreaming lies.

Long has the gallant ship sailed 'neath calm skies,  
Down yonder unknown countries one descries,  
But, at the horizon what's that black speck  
shown?

The hurricane, oh! horror, straight, rise up  
Huge walls, the sea roars, and its jaws wide ope,  
Now, close.—There, has the three-master gone  
down!

---

## THE POLICY OF KOTOU.

A lion who'd, escorted by  
A dog and fox, a-hunting gone,  
And, with their aid, a rare supply  
Of deer had managed to run down,

“That you,” then, to the first to roar  
Was heard, “it is ordained by me  
A fit division of our store  
Of game should make between the three.”

Now Tray, fain to act upon the square,  
And *sans* a wish to nibble being,  
Such equal portions made that there  
How to make choice had been no seeing.

His sense of justice, though, contented,  
In no respect this lion, who  
Being quite as fierce as he was painted,  
Poor Tray, *sans* hesitation, slew.

The lion then to Reynard turned,  
And gave to him a like behest,  
Who, honesty now having learned  
Of policy was not the best,

On well considering what would be  
His bacon the sole way to save,  
In the shares, fresh, allotting he  
The smallest for himself did leave.

Seeing which, "for how long," did inquire,  
The lion, "have you been so skilled?"  
"Oh! ever since," yelped Reynard, "sire,  
I saw our fellow-hunter killed."

A suck at the order of those who  
Are over him of power possessed,  
Will, thus, all principle forego  
To make secure his interest.

---

## ISOLATED HAPPINESS.

*(Imitated from the French of LOUIS RATISBONNE.)*

Two plough horses who'd had a heavy spell  
Of work regained the farm. When, nigh, reposing,  
Tray noticed them, he, half his eyes unclosing,  
His tail wagged, barked, and asleep once more fell.

"Is he not blest!" one horse neighed to his yoke-mate.

"To loll his tongue in the air, and sleep, they say,  
At night with one eye, and with both by day,  
Is yon dog's lot, and our's to toil and sweat."

"True!" with a soothing look, the other then  
Rejoined, "one well might dream a fate less drear,  
But the day's work's load we together bear,  
We suffer, side by side, and friends remain.

"Your moist, kind eye at times on me you bend,  
And near yours throb my wearied flank I feel,  
Then its yoke is less hard. But, though he well  
Both sleeps, and eats, that poor dog has no friend.

"His isolation, shroudlike, does him press,  
He yawns, such small joys does his lot procure,  
'Tis through *ennui* he sleeps. Old hoss, be sure  
Shared sorrow's better e'en than lonely bliss!"

---

## OUT OF LUCK.

From Reynard's clutches having fled  
An ill-starred hen, with hanging wing,  
And half deplumed, to th' hen-house sped,  
With fear all over fluttering.

But far for her sad accident  
From showing sympathy at all,  
Her sister fowls were only bent,  
Thus clucking, foul of her to fall.

"Oh, fie! how shabby you look, dear,  
Yourself in such a state to show  
Is quite bad form, and, really, we're  
Surprised that you should dare do so."

"It was a fox," with gasps, was fain  
To plead the hen, "who in this plight  
Has left me unaware being ta'en,  
And, faith! I've had a squeak for it,

“For *sans* a kind dog's succour, who'd  
Got strength sufficient to compel  
The fox to loose his hold, I should  
Have never lived the tale to tell.”

But, though that this recital of  
Her mishap would, she first believed  
Her sisters to some pity move,  
She soon, alas! was undeceived,

For they to plume themselves who were  
On their unruffled feathers given,  
Did only peck the more at her  
Till she from out the run was driven.

Thus, sunshine friends, by chance, who in  
High feather have remained, life thro,'  
Will be when you they plucked have seen,  
That they “don't know yah!” prompt to show.

---

## A HARD-HEARTED BEAUTY.

*(Imitated from the French of EUGÈNE MANUEL.)*

Of what worth is that brow, as pure as snow,  
If it's impress no tender kiss left there!  
Or those large eyes that so voluptuous peer,  
If from them tears did ne'er o'er misery flow!

Or those soft hands, if they've felt no clasp warm  
Of th' hands, receiving bounty, of the poor!  
Or that vermilion mouth, if evermore  
It no sincere words is heard to form!

Oh ! woman, beautiful as arrogant !  
That I may to your wayward will be bent,  
You've eyes that fire, lips uttering language sweet ;

But 'tis a heart, a feeling heart I prize !  
The beauty which can live 'neath that which dies !  
A heart to grace Earth, and for Heaven meet !

---

### CHEAP COURAGE.

Some conies in a shaw their home  
Who'd made, and were as green as that,  
The first time that they ventured from  
Their terrier, greatly marvelled at

The attitude of being abased  
That a fox whom they did espy  
Was to make manifest in haste  
Before a mastiff passing by,

Howbeit, the mastiff having passed,  
Was by another dog, straitway,  
But of a smaller size, replaced,  
Whom, soon as Reynard did survey,

Although, the best of grounds upon,  
He did not seek between the two  
To draw the least comparison,  
His ears hung than before less low,

And, this dog gone, and, there appearing  
A third, but of the tiniest breed,  
How different of the fox the bearing  
To the newcomer was, indeed !

For, then, he did, without demur,  
A blustering, arrogant air reveal,  
And 'gan, at the same time, each ear  
To prick up, and his brush to swell.

That cony, then, who best could see  
Squeaked, "Brother Buns, I recommend,  
If we'd escape being hayed, that we  
Our steps, at once, should hole-ward bend,

"For yonder creature's not what we  
Imagined, and, if meeker none  
Did seem, it only was that he  
Stood near those who could to earth him run!"

Thus, bland a bully will appear  
Nigh those who've him in their power got,  
But his real character, when near  
Those who are his power in, comes out.

---

## A TENDER-HEARTED BEAUTY.

*(Imitated from the French of* RAOUL GINESTE*.)*

You I prefer to many who're yet more fair,  
You, fain the pride of beauty to forswear,  
Who knew, with your so delicate hands, how wove  
Should be the soft ties that secured my love;

Upon your unrouged lips you wont are ne'er  
Those mincing and affected smiles to wear,  
That the mouths, screwed up, on no matter who  
May woo them will, with languorous airs, bestow.



You, of my sensitive nature being so sure,  
When you did, in a leash, possess the power  
To draw me your triumphant pride behind,  
Remaining, gentle as a child, I find.

To many who're yet more fair I you prefer,  
And you're than those, oh ! how much worthier,  
Who in a conquered lover's arms, one may  
See, royally, parade their beauty's sway.

---

### A HIGH-GROWN CREEPER.

A pothos from a tree-top down  
Looked on the thyme 'mid th' herbage strown,  
And, for its neighbour bent to show  
Its scorn, observed, " How awful low  
Is your position ! and, then, you  
Are doomed e'er to be reptant, too,  
With a frail, tremulous stem that from  
The earth is scarcely seen to come !  
While mine into the air does soar,  
Accompanied by the oak that o'er  
The forest tops, and with it can  
To th' empyrean, e'en, attain."  
" Oh ! I your elevation find  
In evidence," the thyme rejoined,  
" But my position I am fain  
By my own efforts to maintain,  
Whereas, if that arboreal prop  
No longer served to help you up,  
Such is your flaccidness that you,  
Indeed, would rise less than I do,  
And, thus, you'd an example give  
That none, in justice, should receive  
A rise in life for getting praise,  
Whene'er themselves they did not raise."

## MAKING NOTHING OUT OF IT.

(*Imitated from the French of LOUIS RATISBONNE.*)

Three school children, all friends, went to their class.

"A pound, my father, if I study hard,  
Has promised me," said one, "As the reward,"  
The next said, "of my work, mamma's embrace  
Shall I earn." The last sighed, "Nought me'll  
requite,

For, without parents, I'm an orphan boy,  
Yet, ne'ertheless, to do my best shall try."

Right one should, simply, do because 'tis right.

## THE CULT OF THE JUMPING CAT.

A bat, as, at th' approach of Night,  
He from an old tree's branches sped,  
Not looking where he went, flopped right  
'Gainst a stoat in its hollow hid.

The stoat who, as his diet, from  
His birth was rodents wont to choose,  
"Ha!" cried, "you for my supper come,  
Are *à propos*, intrusive Mouse."

"I'm not a mouse, indeed!" the bat,  
In suppliant accents, did protest.  
"I am a bird, and, look! of that  
The truth's by my wings manifest."

But the stoat, being quite young, no bird  
Had ever gazed upon, and, so,  
Relying on the speaker's word,  
Permitted him, unharmed, to go.

Nathless, he flopped against, full soon  
A stoat who'd been on volatiles reared,  
And who exclaimed, him pouncing on,  
"What a rare supper 'll make this Bird!"

"I'm not a bird," the bat protested  
As humbly as before he'd done,  
"I am a mouse; birds are invested  
With feathers, and, you see, I've none."

But, being young like the other stoat,  
This one a mouse did never view,  
So, having no more cause to doubt  
The bat, his freedom gave him, too.

E'en thus, time-servers will, whoever  
May them upon the hip be getting,  
To fall upon their feet endeavour,  
By, without scruple, their words eating.

---

## OUT OF CHURCH ON EASTER DAY.

Vexed is the ear by ding-dongs from  
The steeple in the Church aloft,  
While 'neath the lime-wrought aisles there come  
The sounds of blue-bells tinkling soft.

Of lustres "dim religious" gleams  
The painted glass reflecting shows,  
While many-hued leaves, with dazzling beams  
The quenchless solar lamp o'erstrows.

Its vault, gloomed like some sepulchre,  
The semi-circular apse displays,  
While a fair bower of shade to rear,  
The blackthorn spreads its blanching sprays.

The water, in the font cooped, has  
For christening rites been sanctified,  
While from the clouds are showers to bless  
The germinating plants supplied.

The shrine, railed in, is consecrate  
By priestly ceremonials,  
While the peak, soaring up, unlet,  
From Heaven the dew to hallow falls.

O'er chalices that tarnished show  
A dais, that gas grimes quickly, droops,  
While the sky's luminous dome below  
Are ranged the stainless lily's cups.

Drilled choristers, in a formal mood,  
Drone psalms appointed for the day,  
While their wood-notes what gratitude  
The feathered choir can feel display.

The prayers some patron's ear to gain  
Loud, does a benefice-hunter chant,  
While freely 'cross the ungrown grain  
The orto'an's rich deep notes are sent.

Stuck-up in pews with hassocks spread,  
Devotes mouth the responses thro',  
While o'er a carpet-walk its head  
Each pasque-flower does with reverence bow.

The orthodox their doxologies  
Have set to strains by th' organ pealed,  
While the rills, fingered by the breeze,  
For all the Earth boon anthems yield.

'Gainst heretics long to fulminate  
A bigoted pulpiteer is glad,  
While harmony's in the discourse that  
Flows ever from a clear cascade.

Which best serves fêting Easter for  
Yon edifice, "sacred" called, that planned's  
By the art of human builders, or  
This Temple that's not made with hands?

---

## A TIMESERVER'S OVERSIGHT.

The quadrupeds being gone to War  
Against the birds in days of old,  
All tenants of the Earth and Air  
On this or that side were enrolled;

While those did for the lion fight,  
Their chief was the eagle made by these,  
And who how many a peck and bite  
The combatants exchanged can guess?

A bat who did, alone, unsure  
Which cause he should espouse remain,  
Not being of those who to the fore,  
Are ever in an Army's van,

Forthwith, up his position took  
On the alert, afar, where he  
The scene of action might o'erlook,  
And the issue of the battle see.

But soon as all along the line  
The birds he put to flight did view,  
He straight the strongest side did join,  
And help the fugitives to pursue.

When lo! a pair of griffins made  
The courage of the birds revive,  
Who to the field again being led,  
Bloodier than e'er began the strife.

Then, of those griffins with the assistance,  
Straining each nerve, did the eagle grow  
So brave, that, spite his stout resistance;  
The lion had his heels to show.

Which change of fortune to the bat  
Proved an eye-opener, which quick  
Made him, to 'scape the vengeance that  
The birds might purpose, homeward sneak.

Thus a political trimmer for  
The Powers that be to fight e'er prone,  
May find, when nigh from them to ensure  
A post, that they're driven from their own.

---

## A MIDWINTER DAY'S GLAMOUR.

*(Imitated from the French of EMILE PEYREFORT.)*

Less bare beneath glazed frost and snow,  
The forest seems to live once more,  
On the shrubs lilac tints that show,  
Are interlaced some flowers of frore ;

Them, like some cabbage-butterfly  
That hovers, flies a snowflake near,  
And, in the intense tranquillity,  
A sound of wings one seems to hear.

Garlands are hanging in the air  
Where intercrossed the boughs are grown,  
From nests, that one imagined were  
Deserted, float white feathers down;

The mist, amid the brushwoods blue,  
In water-drops dissolves the rime,  
And the nights one might think to view  
By stars lit in the April-time.

---

### THE VIRTUE OF NOT BEING CAUGHT.

A fox had many a coop to rob  
Been wont his dinner to provide,  
And, failing poults, his favourite grub,  
Had many a hare and bun destroyed,

And though to nab him snares were set  
Of every kind, so up to trap  
Was he, that he'd contrived the fate  
Of less cute foxes long to 'scape.

But one fine day, without due care,  
A pullet's track while following in,  
One of his fore-feet, unaware,  
He e'en put right into a gin,

Where a cat haply him discerning,  
Quick to put up his back was fain,  
And the whites of his eyes upturning,  
To improve the occasion thus began :

" Oh ! backslider, grown old in sin,  
Who'd, to th' Earth conformed, no call  
To grace, and e'er the slough was in  
Of carnal reason prone to fall,

" Unsound, and unregenerate,  
And spiritually destitute,  
What a misguided life is that  
Which, broken potsherd, you did suit !

" E'en from your birth, yea, verily,  
A tainted cub of wrath you've been,  
And now it is Heaven's judgment by  
That, mortified, you here are seen."

" Smug canter," then barked Reynard, " you  
Such pious horror now express,  
Not for what I designed to do,  
But that it met with no success.

" Had I that chicken but secured,  
So far from spitting thus at me,  
You would contentedly have purred,  
' What a good business-fox is he ! ' "

How many, like this cat, will take  
Of all a rogue may do no thought,  
While he's a run of luck, and back  
Their squeamishness keep till he's caught.

---

## THE OLD STOCKS.

*(Imitated from the French of JEAN RAMEAU.)*

Along the rough, deep roadways that  
The ochreous uplands perforate  
With their eccentric zig-zag through,  
High as a rampart rising up,  
One sees on either hand a slope  
Of brick-like hue.



A ruddy slope where of the broom  
Sometimes is found a yellow plume,  
And of the flax the sapphire star,  
And where to warm his tail does sit,  
The lizard looking grave, and yet  
Without a care.

And on those slopes so bright that glow  
The labourers of long ago  
Some slender chestnut trees have planted,  
Where many a season one does raze  
The branches that are filled with lays  
By cicales chanted.

Now, those old trees, where no bough's grown,  
Always, or sprouting or cut down,  
Take of huge pursy stocks the shape,  
With a wild and dejected port,  
That seen are many a stump and wart  
To overlap.

Repulsive may to passers be  
The goitres that so heavily  
Beneath their russet jaws are swelled,  
And the abdomens all made bare,  
In which, amid the mosses, their  
Nests pismires build.

While some with stunted boles display  
Dishevelled beards of lichen grey,  
That shuddering in the squalls appear  
Others wide-staring eyes disclose,  
And brows, with hydrocephalus  
Bulged, seem to bear.

And on the sandy slopes their roots  
Have the aspect of the supple knots  
With which voracious boas are wrought,  
And turn, distractedly, about  
That they may on the juices glut  
In rich meres sought.

And those roots, as they at the side  
Of the field the red slope bestride,  
E'en make the stocks appear like  
Some horsemen grim and fiery who  
Brandish a rugged holly bough  
As 'twere a pike.

Sometimes, when they are very old  
And to the slope for them to hold  
The feeblest rootlets left are found  
They in the ditches roll, as might  
Some wounded warriors to quit  
Their saddles bound.

But, spite their being by swellings marred,  
Their bellies, where ant-nests are reared,  
Their lowering brows, and squamous backs,  
Their sides o'er which the brambles grow  
One, in the country, loves them so,  
The good old stocks !

They, the old and weary vine-stems up  
To shore, make of themselves a prop  
And, by the hill, with scorn when passed,  
Sometimes, their unpruned branches throw  
To those who, haply, pass below  
A boon, stray mast.

When on the slope the strawberry's shown  
For little bairns to mount upon  
To them their shaggy arms they spread  
When every bird its nest uprears  
They, freely, to the dishwashers  
Their lichens cede.

In the meridian summer glow  
They their caressing shade bestow  
Upon the beggar, worn with care,  
And shelter their big backs supply  
For all the poults some shower by  
Caught unaware.

And, sometimes, in a corner sure  
The azure eggs they keep secure  
Of some strange martinet from sight,  
Whose fledgelings bent for warmth to seek  
By their *début* as vocalists, quick,  
Will them delight.

Then, when their natal slope upon  
The woodman has, at last, cut down  
Their massy carcasses so drear,  
And when the glowing hearth within  
Their faggots in rose-flames are seen  
To disappear,

Made cheerful by the cheerful fire,  
The kindly grandam and grandsire,  
With trembling hands outstretched, are fain  
To muse beside the brands ablaze,  
And the suns of their early days  
See shine again !

## FOILED WITH THEIR OWN WEAPONS.

With board an aged beech-tree's mast  
Was wont some dormice to provide,  
While by its hollow bole the best  
Of lodgings was for them supplied,

But they, such was their slothfulness,  
Were not to take the trouble prone,  
So as provisions to amass,  
Of always going up and down ;

So, having that the beech should not  
Be longer let to grow declared,  
They forces joined, and at its foot  
To delve, and gnaw its roots prepared.

And in their work such ardour by  
These erewhile sleepy beasts was shown,  
That they, at length, beheld with joy  
Their victim to the ground fall down.

Then, one and all, forsooth, at will,  
Were able of the fruity store,  
With the utmost ease, to take their fill  
Until to eat remained no more.

But, then, the tree, all dried up now,  
Them with no aftercrop could nourish,  
And, in the agonies of a slow  
Starvation, they were doomed to perish.

E'en thus, sometimes, may ingrates find  
When they to serve their interests have  
Their benefactor undermined,  
They've for themselves but dug a grave.

## THE DATURA.

(*Imitated from the French of A. SPINELLI.*)

“Pray,” simpered the datura, “tell me why,  
Beetle gold-eyed, papilios, kings of the air,  
Bees amber-coloured, silken pinioned fly,  
Insects rich varying reflexes that bear,

“Why, when each bullfinch welcome melody  
Pours with its sweet voice willow brakes to cheer,  
When from the vaporous waters nuphars hie,  
Ne’er to my boughs with large flowers dight repair?

“E’en like the lily’s, with the choicest scent  
Replete is not my cup, of whiter tint  
Than the pearls in the deep sea’s breast that glow?

Have I not a bloom fresh, brow pure, eye bright  
And smile — ?”

Here the insects hummed “Oh! hypocrite,  
Rank poison is those treacherous charms breathed  
thro’.”

---

THE RETALIATION OF THE  
WEAKEST.

To some rhinoceroses, who  
Assembled in a desert, at  
A spot which, many a long year through,  
Of certain ants was the habitat,

“‘My gracious lords,’ cried the insects, “for  
Our commonweal, pray pity have;  
Your Court Levees hold elsewhere, or  
To us some place of shelter leave,

"For, seeing that you a step to move  
Out of your way will never deign,  
With each you take are thousands of  
Our citizens, or maimed, or slain.

"Your notice we may 'scape, but, though  
Condemned down in the dust to crawl,  
Children of the Earth no less than you,  
We are your brothers after all!"

"Ah!" with a self-complacent air,  
As they their horns exalted, straight,  
Did each rhinoceros grunt "to bear  
You ought, *sans* murmuring, your fate,

"Since, vile pismires, though low the station,  
In which through life you're doomed to fare,  
Know 'twas a special dispensation  
Of Providence that placed you there."

But scarcely was their grunting o'er  
Than lo! there came a troop in sight  
Of elephants, which down on them bore,  
And with them closed in dubious fight,

Whereon, the ants did, desperate grown,  
With the elephants an alliance make,  
And fain 'gainst those, who'd been so prone  
To oppress them, were the field to take.

And, then, with their battalion black  
Spread o'er the plain, did they begin,  
Swearing they'd on them vengeance wreak  
To harass all along the line,

So that, ere long, by the ant-nest's aid,  
The elephants had gained the day,  
And each rhinoceros draw in made  
His horns, and, quick, pad th' hoof away.

Bullies, when those they've trampled on  
To extremes take, from a sense of wrong,  
By them that not, may, thus, be shown  
Are battles always to the strong.

---

## SUNSET ON A CHESTNUT AVENUE.

*(Imitated from the French of EMILE PEYREFORT.)*

As an old wan-faced man, whose bright  
Blonde tresses are by Age made pale,  
Behind him but a track of white  
Leaving, the Sun dies in the vale.

In the vast avenue's depth where grow  
To border it the chestnuts tall,  
He, now, sends forth a cloud below  
Some mournful rays, the last of all.

From the monotonous grey ground  
The trees so sharply rising out,  
With purple by the autumn toned,  
A conflagration's glow have got.

And, while the Earth's smoking, they appear  
Through the sky, with mist darkened, set  
Those giant links to be that are  
At the obsequies of dead kings lit.

## PERIT QUOD FACIT INGRATO.

Along a desert plain that o'er  
No cooling water flowed of streams,  
And where, one day, at noon, did pour  
The summer sun its hottest beams,

A traveller feeling footsore with  
Long walking, and by the heat oppressed,  
Retired a plane-tree's shade beneath,  
That he his weary limbs might rest,

But, while the boon, refreshing breeze  
He felt upon his breast now burning,  
And its old vigour, by degrees,  
To his enfeebled frame returning,

The tree to him so beneficent,  
With a contentless eye, to scan,  
And, then, with the most violent  
Reproaches, e'en to load began

Because, although with foliage fair,  
As ample 'twas, indeed, replete,  
It did, to boot, of fruitage bear  
No sort his gluttony to sate.

"Dare you, for that, of me speak ill?"  
Then rustled, in reply, the tree,  
"Your praise, at least, I merit well,  
Seeing what you've made out of me."

Those e'en incapable who are  
Of gratitude you'll find will, thus,  
For having none be lacking ne'er  
In pleas the most preposterous.



## THE NIGHT WATCH.

(*Imitated from the French of FRANCK PILATTE.*)

'Tis midnight. I'm the watch. The breeze is mild.  
Far, on the horizon profiled is the shore ;  
By the winds, 'cross a smooth sea, onward bore,  
Then, with what joy is one by sailing filled !

With zest, I the universal calm enjoy ;  
The mainsail by this gloom is more white made,  
And the slim pole, that, quivering, is swayed,  
At times, seems as 'twere sailing in the sky.

And I of home, and of my mistress dream,  
Who, e'en now, on her calm couch seeks repose,  
And feel her breath, and see her, as she shows  
Her lovely nude arms in her lamp that gleam.

Ah ! me, my dream's dispelled, and taken flight,  
Lovely nude arms go, in the clearing, down  
The lamp is but a binnacle's lantern grown—  
The breeze is mild. I'm the watch. 'Tis midnight.

— — —

## NEW LAID EGGS.

When once her eggs Dame Partlet lays  
Thus does her lord the fact make known,  
Nor thinks the din he's wont to raise,  
Which glads the farmer's ear alone,  
But serves to poach his sons, and may  
His daughters make *omelettes soufflées*,  
Cockadoodledoo !  
We've new laid eggs on view.

And, no less glad the news to break,  
The hen's as reckless crying cludake,  
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cludake,  
Which means, in other words, our new  
Laid eggs are now on view.

Ah! trustful heir to large estates,  
Remember when you come of age,  
Full many a covetous sharper waits  
To pilfer from your heritage.  
So of your wealth make no display,  
Unlike that cock that you hear say  
Cockadoodledoo!

We've new laid eggs on view.  
And no less glad the news to break,  
The hen's as reckless crying cludake,  
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cludake,  
Which means, in other words, our new  
Laid eggs are now on view.

Ah! sensitive author, in your works  
A natural fondness prone to feel,  
Some impudent prig in readiness lurks,  
The "coinage" of your brain to steal.  
So of your wit make no display,  
Unlike that cock that you hear say  
Cockadoodledoo!

We've new laid eggs on view.  
And no less glad the news to break,  
The hen's as reckless crying cludake,  
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cludake,  
Which means, in other words, our new  
Laid eggs are now on view.

Ah ! generous soul, fain all life thro'  
As a doer of good deeds to shine,  
Too prompt foul slanderers ever show  
Your reputation to purloin.  
So of your merit make no display,  
Unlike that cock that you hear say  
Cockadoodledoo !

We've new laid eggs on view.  
And no less glad the news to break,  
The hen's as reckless crying cludake,  
Cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cluck, cludake,  
Which means, in other words, our new  
Laid eggs are now on view.

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## UNDER A GREY SKY.

*(Imitated from the French of EMILE PEYREFORT.)*

See, on the horizon, cloudy grown,  
Where drops are ravelled by the rain,  
The trees which line the roads are fain  
To stump with black their verdant tone,

And, 'neath the struggling storm, to make  
Distracted moans are ever heard,  
And, whether wrung, or bent, or stirred,  
The form of human beings take,

And the hands agitated have  
Of old and trembling beggars got,  
Appearing, with their leaves stretched out,  
At the roadside for alms to crave.

And th' haze, through which their branches show,  
Falling, in shreds, behind them, will  
Persist grey rags in adding still  
To their drear denudation, now.

---

## PREACHING AND PRACTICE.

A smug pie who, at early dawn,  
Forth sallying from her nest, was bent  
That all the day in tattling on  
Her neighbours doings should be spent

First, a fox on the prowl, beholding  
A farmyard stocked with fat geese near,  
Began in such a loud tone scolding,  
That to his heels he took in fear

Next, at the farm's porch seeing a cat,  
Who 'neath a cage that held a spink  
Was crouching, him so with her prate  
Stunned that he off was fain to slink

Next, seeing a stoat the midst who'd in  
Of the farm's rabbit-hutches got,  
Compelled him with a similar din  
Of it his way to wriggle out

And, late in the evening, as she saw,  
In circular eddies, skim a kite  
O'er the farm's dove-cot, with her caw  
Still higher raised, him put to flight

And, then, with a self-satisfied air,  
Returning home, to hide made speed  
The spoons which erst, unseen, she, there  
From the farm's kitchen had conveyed.

Oft preachmen 'gainst the slips are prone  
To feign a virtuous indignation  
By others made, thus, from their own  
Worse deeds to draw off observation.

---

## HOIST ON HIS OWN PETARD.

*(Imitated from the French of J. PORCHAT.)*

Two Ministers of an Eastern potentate  
Being in council, views quite different  
Expressed upon the art of Government.  
One, who his Sovereign scorned to adulate,  
Held to the laws that Kings are subject, e'en  
As Justice is of every King the Queen.  
The other at these words, "Rank heresy!" cried,  
"A prince to his subjects nought owes, I submit,  
No, nought, sire, we're your property complete;  
Law! Justice! in your person they reside."  
"Sound," said the King, "those views to me  
appear;  
I may do everything, yet wrong do ne'er."  
"Ne'er, sire." "At once I to a subject may  
Declare, 'All you possess to me is due,'  
And, should he but protest, the rebel slay."  
"Yes, sire." "Well, then, I will begin with you."

---

## A KINDNESS THROWN AWAY.

A bitch-hound who no place had kenned  
Convenient in the straw to be,  
Another met, who her to lend  
A kennel kindly did agree,

Which, when soon after she had got  
Delivered safely, back to have  
The owner wished, to stay she but  
A fortnight more did, howling, crave.

For that still blind her puppies were,  
And scarce could feel their feet, she pleaded  
In whines so piteous that her prayer  
Was, *sans* a single growl, conceded.

But when, that fortnight being spent,  
Possession was reclaimed again,  
To her friend's unfeigned astonishment,  
She, showing her teeth, snarled, in this strain—

“Ha ! time to rear my whelps you gave,  
Now, they're strong, keen-eyed, and full-grown,  
And so, if you can make us leave,  
We are quite ready to be gone.”

Of many whom you've a good turn done,  
Thus, you'll by it but th' ill-will get,  
Since to their gratitude they're more prone  
Than to their cravings bounds to set.



## A NIGHT JOURNEY.

(*Imitated from the French of CAMILLE DELTHIL.*)

It blows, it rains. What on the lonely route  
Is that bold traveller who ventures out  
With brisk step walking in the murky night ?  
From the eyes of Heaven, now closed, there **shines**  
no light.

Where goes th' imprudent man? Now, rage the  
gales,

And, now, the torrent that the tempest swells  
Has rapidly its prison broken from,  
And nought does brighten th' horizon's gloom.

Where hastes that man, then? Is he lured by gain?  
Or some gay rendezvous? Or, for him fain,  
Is some fair girl her locks to braid? Does he  
Go, warmed between two loving arms to be?

See, now, he stops; he sets a door ajar,  
Suckling her babe, a woman, to death near,  
Pining, to lie is on her pallet fated,  
And the man is the doctor, so awaited.

---

### FRONTI NULLA FIDES.

His thirst a young buck happening,  
Upon a sultry August day  
To quench at a pellucid spring  
Was fain, as if entranced, to stay

And, there, with admiration spy  
His branching antlers mirrored shown,  
While sometimes turning, with an eye  
Of scorn, his legs to look down on.

When, sudden, hearing the halloo  
Of huntsmen, he to his heels did take,  
And with such speed 'cross country flew  
As off the scent to throw their pack.

But, lo! his horns being in a thick  
Brakes branches caught his flight did stay,  
And by th' hounds on his slot he quick  
Was come up with, and brought to bay.

"Ah! woe is me," thus then deplored  
His fate the captive spent, as down  
His nose the piteous tears poured,  
"Too late to me the truth is shown

"That while through what I valued not  
A run of luck I might have had,  
That of which I too highly thought  
It is that has my downfall made."

When in a fix for help you pray  
To those you o'erpraised, out of it  
Of getting they'll stand in your way,  
And to the dogs go, thus, you let.

---

## THE BURIAL PLACE OF THE SAILORS.

*(Imitated from the French of FRANCK PILATTE.)*

'Tis All Saints' Day, and some on land now go  
With leafy wreaths to view their loved ones' tombs.  
The burial-ground's then but a rendezvous.

But to the dead assigned are different dooms;  
In the soft sand and heavy clay not has  
By all been found their last long resting-place.

Down in the Sea's depths the drowned sailors lie,  
Those girt with waves are visited by none,  
None ever may their wandering graves descry.

Of immortelles they've no memorial crown,  
On the seaweed where they're stretched silently,  
Ne'er can a living soul come to make moan.



Their last long resting-place is the azure main,  
Whose soft waves evermore are lulling them,  
And yet, at night, when the Heavens their jewels  
of flame

O'er the surge, then, in black, to cast are fain,  
Could they half-ope a little now and then,  
With fingers stiff, their biers of canvas made

Ah! then, indeed, far less forlorn to them,  
And almost splendid would their poor tombs seem,  
By foam festooned, by stars with gold flowers  
spread.

---

## SWIMMING UNDER WATER.

Despite the candid mien it wears  
The nuphar's not what it appears,  
For on the bosom of such waters  
As stink the most with joy it quarters,  
And coils its stem up or extends,  
E'en as their level sinks or ascends,  
And in such wise its flowers can  
Upon their surface e'er maintain,  
And with its root a sap supplies  
Wont youthful blood to paralyze,  
And with its leaves placed on the breast  
Breeds fevers it, at first, repressed.  
Thus devotes "seals," whose crimes were many,  
Prefer to those who ne'er did any  
Thus speak, are mute, or show, or hide,  
To keep afloat, whate'er betide,  
Thus the world bidding others fly,  
An easy life themselves enjoy,  
And thus the passions they'd unduly  
Control, are made the more unruly.

## THE DAHLIA.

*(Imitated from the French of A. SPINELLI.)*

Neither the Rose, at vermil dawn seen breaking,  
Nor Peony fair, with fulgent petals bloomed,  
Nor Aster rich the Autumn's corbeille making,  
Nor Cactus but to live a moment doomed,

Nor golden Tulip that enchants the spring,  
Nor the Mirabilis that to expand must wait  
Till Nature 'neath Heaven's eye is slumbering,  
My flowers grace and splendour own—and yet

To me the breeze does only cold breath give,  
The butterflies avoid me, and, at eve,  
O'er me to skim noctivagant moths refrain,

And ne'er a bee's descried me gliding nigh,  
For in my double cup no honey have I,  
And my rich censer does no scent contain.

---

SABBATH DRAWLERS OF OLD  
SAWS.

A bishop, it is said, who was  
Surprised, when late in life he in  
A church once chanced to be, where as  
A youngster he had often been,

A verger stricken in years to see,  
Who acted then, he called to mind,  
In just the same capacity,  
Expressing joy th' old man to find

At such a great age look so well,  
Did to his greeting this reply  
Receive: "Oh, yes, my lord, to feel  
Grateful, indeed, good cause have I,

"For in this church each sermon though  
To hear I took care not to omit  
That's been preached half-a-century thro',  
Thank Heaven! I am a Christian yet!"

But, ah! though Greybeard's speech sounds odd,  
How many the senseless dogmas they'd  
In church heard called the laws of God,  
Have but disgusted Atheists made.

---

## THE YEAR'S IN MEMORIAM.

*(Imitated from the French of EMILE PEYREFORT.)*

On All Saints' Day, but one vast burial ground,  
Where soars a touching stillness is the grove,  
And then at evening, with the breeze to rove,  
All Nature's mourners, unconsoled, are found.

Like pilgrims that are sad and fain to brood,  
Them one thinks at each path's turn to survey,  
And nought their feeble movements would betray,  
Were't not a shuddering high up in the wood.

O'er the wan lake, like some lone sepulchre,  
By the great pines shades, that mists lengthen out,  
Sad, supernatural old men seem wrought,  
Who whisper low of the departed year.

Around, the dying osiers still hold  
A leafy remnant at their bare stalks' end,  
And, one might say, placed by some unknown  
hand,  
Was on that hoariness immortelles of gold.

---

### ONLY PEARLS.

As he explored a desert drear,  
One sultry noontide in July,  
A traveller lost his way, and near  
Of thirst and hunger, went to die.

And, after wandering long, at last  
He one of those chance wells descried,  
At which to drink the camels rest,  
And it a leathern pouch beside,

Which, picking up, he quick cried out :  
"Thank Heaven ! that this nuts holds, I'm sure,  
Or dates, how they my fevered throat  
Will cool and my worn frame restore."

The pouch, then with an eager hand,  
He, in that hope, to uncloze was prone,  
Then, glanced on what was in it, and  
"Alas ! they are but pearls," did groan.

That Wealth's of value, when what one  
The most needs can by it be bought,  
But that, alone, it blest makes none,  
Were Truths to light with those pearls brought.

## SOMETHING TO DO.

(Imitated from the French of LOUIS RATISBONNE.)

Three boys, good friends, to wile the time away  
At driving a mail-coach were fain to play.  
To Robert, Ernest said, "The coachman I  
Shall be, and drive the mail to Salisbury;  
You be the horses, and Jack, seated on  
The floor, shall watch us, being too small to run."  
"I don't like that," Jack murmured, "so what may  
I be? To watch you running will be dull."  
"Well, you," said Ernest, "shall be the relay."  
Then Jack sat down enchanted with his *rôle*.

You, the human heart, big Ernest, understood.  
Both small and great, if they'd not wretched grow,  
Should have the power to say, "I something do,"  
Even were they only milestones on the road.

---

## A WHITED SEPULCHRE.

Once, with advancing years, a cat  
Finding that he had grown so feeble  
That he, though he could smell a rat,  
On it to spring was no more able,

In a dark corner took his seat,  
Where he in flour himself rolled up,  
And, in that ambush, hoped to meet  
An easy prey on which to sup,

Nor long hoped for it, since quick out  
Of his hole a rat, who leapt on what  
Looked farinaceous food, *sans* doubt,  
Was caught by him at once and ate.

And then a second, then a third,  
And then still more, not dreaming that  
Risk was, by following suit, incurred,  
Were doomed to meet as hard a fate.

But at last an old hand, of yore,  
Famed oft traps through for having broke,  
"Aha!" squeaked, when he of the flour  
Had taken stock, "your game I smoke,

"And as sure you're a sly gib feel,  
As that I am a rat you'd tear,"  
With which he left old Tom to swell  
His tail, and at his lost meal swear.

Thus, many a biter prospers, so  
Long as he candid can appear,  
Who, his disguise being once seen through,  
Proves but a whited sepulchre.

---

## THE LAST LEAVES OF THE ASPEN.

*(Imitated from the French of JEAN RAMEAU.)*

Near the blue fountain, where tree-frogs abound,  
To rose skies did a nest-filled aspen spring,  
And heard, by breezes kissed in the evening,  
Were all its leaves like castanets to sound,

A carpenter it lopped, like some frail reed,  
And the old maimed bole, with its white flesh laid  
ope,  
Lies, till a sawyer it in planks cuts up,  
Alone, behind a wall, with dirt o'erspread;

But when, in June, each finch cantabiles gives  
Fresh nesting on its brothers once more green,  
Toward the warm clouds the dead aspen's seen  
To raise a last spray with three feeble leaves!

And I, a passer, it so feeling for,  
To all kind birds these sad lines dedicate,  
In th' hope that one of them to come they'll get,  
And sing, some morning, those three leaves before!

---

### SUUS CUIQUE MOS.

A sheep, as he was bent to crop  
The grasses succulent and moist,  
By a pool's margin springing up,  
His footing, of a sudden, lost,

And fell into the water, where  
He got so shackled by the clay  
To him adhering, that he there,  
*Sans* power to move, was bound to stay.

But from the viscous weeds he quick  
To free himself fresh efforts made,  
And up the mud went on to kick,  
And round in all directions spread,

Whereon croaked the angry frogs, "Pray, why  
In troubling our domain persist,  
And marring the green charms, thereby,  
Wherewith you see our homes are drest.

"What can it be you're driving at?  
Why, fidgetty creature, not keep still?  
It seems as though you'd answer that  
In such a place you cannot dwell,

"You're too fastidious, really now,  
Why, each of us in this same mere  
Was born, and all their whole lives thro',  
Are quite content to tarry here."

"Just so! and if this moment, fain  
Am I," the sheep baad, in return,  
"To get clear of this foul domain,  
'Tis that in it I wasn't born!"

That bliss, alone, does thus, you see,  
In having what one likes consist,  
And not what may by others be  
Considered fit to make one blest.

---

## THE HEMLOCK.

From beauteous blooms, as ivory white,  
Its vigorous foliage midst revealed,  
Of perfumes the most exquisite  
By the datura is exhaled.

Its lance-shaped leaves, so full of grace,  
And flowers that share the rose's tint,  
Is, o'er a limpid streamlet's glass  
Admiring, the oleander bent,

Its linear leaves of emerald dye,  
And flowers, like cups of gold that blaze,  
The Ocean's healthful breezes by  
Nurtured, the tithymal displays,

The loftiest mountain peak upon  
With clustering hooded flowers bedight,  
That not a cloudless sky in tone  
Outshines, is found the aconite.



With calices of verdant green,  
And seedful fruit that's not outdone,  
By luscious black hearts, or in sheen,  
Or taste, the belladonna's shown,

With showy yellow blossoms graced,  
That veins of richest purple score  
To make the sandy barren waste  
Less drear, the henbane breaks to flow'r.

The gloomy darkness that the height,  
With sombre pines replete, o'er shades,  
Its flowers, like rays of crimson light  
To illume, the rhododendron spreads

With bells that ev'ry zephyr peals  
The splendid beams of purple sheen  
That the Sun, as it sets, reveals,  
Reflecting, is the foxglove seen.

The meadow-saffron, soon as in  
Is the aftermath, the lea new-mown  
Sudden to make reflower is seen  
With blooms of tenderest lilac tone,

A fruit whose skin as vermil-red  
As is a lady-apple's glows,  
And scent all appetites that's made  
To tempt, the mancenilla shows.

But they, with outward charms thus dowered,  
Their virulent natures keep so veiled,  
That they, in fact, 'tis e'en ignored  
No less than th' hemlock poison yield,

So they're to gardens fair admitted,  
Whose owners, on calm summer days,  
Are oft discovered near them seated,  
And of them heard to speak in praise.

Whileth' hemlock, with its leaves dead-green,  
Rank odour, and peduncle that  
With spots like those seen on the skin  
Of vipers, is all maculate,

The vilest kind of refuse mid,  
Near thorny brakes, in th' undrained field,  
And brooks befouled with slime beside,  
Through life's to vegetate compelled.

But for what cause should they be fated  
Such different destinies to own,  
The one 'mid choice blooms cultivated,  
The other as a pest set down?

Ah! is it not that to its one vice  
The hemlock with no power is clad,  
Like the plants deemed of so much price,  
That of hypocrisy to add?



### SHAM PENITENCE.

Now, in a hole with leaves spread o'er  
A wolf, long on the ramp, secured,  
His captor that he would no more  
Live upon animal food assured,

But that on herbs he'd henceforth, or  
Fishes, at most, himself sustain,  
And as his word he loudly swore  
To keep, his freedom did obtain.

And, then, with stealthy steps, as he  
Again his native wood drew near,  
Chancing a good fat pig to see  
In the ford wallowing of a mere,

"Oh ! that," with a self-righteous mien,  
He howled, "must be a fish, I'm sure,"  
And falling straight upon the swine  
Did it, *sans* more ado, devour.

When on continuing to do wrong,  
Once a sham convert sets his mind,  
He, like this wolf, will not take long  
For it some specious plea to find.

---

## THE WERE-WOLF.

*(Imitated from an old French Paysannerie.)*

None of the shepherdesses of  
Yon hamlet are than Rose more fair,  
In looks who can with Jacques compare  
Of all the swains with her in love ?  
In feelings and in thoughts alike,  
When couples, in such wise, combine,  
If Love thinks fit the pair to join,  
'Gainst living separate long they'll strike.

Their flames from spreading more t' impede  
The mother of Rose took th' utmost care,  
But, ah ! whene'er love may appear  
To look for stratagems far none need.  
Thus Jacques had soon a scheme designed.  
"At midnight," says he, whispering low,  
"Rose," but Rose didn't twig, although  
Her heart his meaning quick divined.

The promised moment soon arrives,  
The *veilleé* hour when women met  
Together, a grave company, sit  
In which no man one e'er perceives;  
Some spin, some sew, and others net.  
The aged ones, to pass the time,  
Talk about wolves, or goblins grim,  
The younger tenderer topics treat.

When, hark ! a long and awful howl  
Seems as if it pierced through the gloom,  
And there is seen within the room  
A wolf, in funeral garb, to prowl,  
The monster they're in haste to flee,  
But Rose makes no attempt to go,  
Sure that, to them inhuman though  
He is, to her so he'll not be.

Her little sister Lily, who  
That she's devoured has little doubt,  
If that's the sad truth to find out,  
The door approaching, just peeps through,  
"Oh ! mother," then, "to succour haste  
Poor Rose ! " she cries, benumbed with fear,  
"Or nought from death can rescue her,  
For by the wolf she's being embraced !"



## OUTWARD SHOW.

Some painter had upon a wall  
A pastoral retreat portrayed,  
In which were imaged elm-trees tall,  
That threw around a grateful shade,

And a sky, with no clouds o'erspread,  
Their cymes that gilded with its glow,  
And a rill that, meandering, strayed  
Amidst the verdant sward below ;

Which landscape chancing to be brought  
Before a thoughtless pigeon's view,  
Towards it, being pressed by drought,  
Straight, at a single flight, he flew.

But the hapless wretch was only fated  
Himself against the wall to whack,  
And, with a bad wound mutilated,  
Fall to the ground upon his back.

Thus pigeons, who no wings have got,  
And who by outward show are prone  
To be allured, will, oft, find out  
That they but to the wall have gone.

---

## ALOUDS AND ASIDES.

*(Imitated from the French).*

Ah ! how each fashion-worshipper joys  
In telling lies, in telling lies.  
When they a conventional morning call pay  
How honied's the language, how sunny  
the smile  
Of all who, their backs being turned won't  
delay  
Those they treated as friends just before  
to revile,

While women each other so courteously  
"slate"

At cutting each other up men are more  
blunt,

For the merest of trifles, in envy, and hate  
To vie with the callers the called-on are  
wont,

(*Aloud*) For your daughter, my dear, I am *so* glad  
to hear

What a brilliant marriage is on the *tapis*.

(*Aside*) The girl's such a fright that some spooney,  
'tis clear,

She's accepted, since none made her offers  
but he.

(*Aloud*) A place under Government? Bravo! old  
man,

For your merits 'tis plainly the fitting re-  
ward.

(*Aside*) The sneak who at ev'ry Division e'er ran  
With the party in power his vote to record,  
And, thus, the difference see one may  
'Twixt what the *monde* will think and  
say.

Now, what at balls do such folks say?

There Falsehood on them, eke, has sway.

(*Aloud*) The offer, Lord Masher, you make for this  
dance,

Of your hand does me too, too much  
honour, indeed!

(*Aside*) Of sharing his coronet I won't lose the  
chance

Though the booby's not got one idea in  
his head.

(*Aloud*) How well, love, you look, and you're  
dressed in such taste,  
And the bloom on your cheeks no blush-  
rose e'er outvied it.

(*Aside*) A dowdier *coiffure* no pate e'er dis-  
graced,  
And that too fresh complexion, why,  
rouge-pots supplied it.

(*Aloud*) I'm delighted, my lady, for this gallopade,  
Such an elegant partner as you to  
secure.

(*Aside*) When the old hag my partner for life I  
have made,  
Her tin will repay me all I, now, endure.

(*Aloud*) Ah ! here comes our hostess, no, really, I  
ne'er

Have been at so pleasant a *soirée* before.

(*Aside*) The room's hot, coffee cold, and to grub  
nought is here

But stale sandwiches—she'll catch me  
here nevermore.

And, thus, the difference see one may  
'Twixt what the *monde* will think and  
say.

And when upon a promenade

You'll find the world's talk just as bad.

(*Aloud*) By Jove ! I congratulate you, my dear  
boy,

On the choice of a wife who to dress so  
well knows.

(*Aside*) Her lace bonnets, and cashmere shawls to  
supply

The poor wretch all his former home  
comforts foregoes.

(*Aloud*) None, General, can doubt that your cocked  
hat the head

Of a true martial hero does worthily fill.

(*Aside*) To promotion 'twas interest at th' Horse  
Guards that led,

For that drawing-room soldier did ne'er  
powder smell.

(*Aloud*) My topper, than you not a four-in-hand will  
At handling the ribbons a better whip  
show.

(*Aside*) Of those animals that with two legs has  
least skill,

For, without him, the others as well the  
way'd know.

(*Aloud*) Those wheelboxes, your Grace, with chaste  
silver inlaid

Could only for phaetons like yours be  
designed.

(*Aside*) The swindler his household accounts leaves  
unpaid,

And, ere he gets his airing, must needs  
raise the wind.

And, thus, the difference see one may

'Twixt what the *monde* will think and  
say.

## A POMOLOGICAL AMORIST.

I know a garden which consists

Of such a choice selection

Of fruit that all pomologists

Should deem it worth inspection.

The hazel nuts in clusters show

Round Dora's head a-growing,

Twin jet black sloes are seen below

The brows of Phœbe glowing.



From sweet Melissa's every sigh  
The scent of pines is wafted,  
And half-a-score of almonds lie  
On Blanche's fingers grafted.

The cherries Clara's lips disclose  
They'd cull with satisfaction,  
While finding on the cheeks of Rose  
A nonpareil's attraction.

---

## A CHEAP PHILANTHROPIST.

*(Imitated from the French of J. PETIT SENN.)*

To the praise of Smooth-tongue let us sing  
E'er promising to do kind deeds,  
And prompt to offer anything  
To every one who nothing needs,  
Whene'er he hears an old friend's prayer  
For the loan of a small sum, away  
He turns, yet putting on an air  
That's *so* obliging, first will say  
For anything else, my dear friend,  
On my good offices depend.

How generous he is you'll conceive  
For he to those in penury,  
Without being asked, will freely give  
His counsel, that he rates so high.  
If anyone, though, in his distress  
Some more substantial aid entreats,  
Smooth-tongue is kind enough to press  
The poor man's hand, as he repeats  
For anything else, my dear friend,  
On my good offices depend.

If e'er a wealthy lord who may  
    *En voyage* be he chance to meet  
How full he finds his *portmonnaie*  
    And with what goodwill opens it.  
But should a traveller on him wait  
    Whose mien a pressing need betrays,  
With the most courteous bows he, straight,  
    The door will show him, as he says  
For anything else, my dear friend,  
    On my good offices depend.

You, his hard-up fellow-countrymen  
    And travellers, on your luck who're down,  
Who seek a man on whose face, when  
    He hears your griefs, a sad look's shown,  
Should Smooth-tongue many a visit pay,  
    You of his manners will be fain  
But do not ask him aught, I pray,  
    For this is the answer you'll obtain  
For anything else, my dear friend,  
    On my good offices depend.

---

## HOLLOW CLAPTRAP.

A child, known vinous drinks to like,  
    Did, when he'd into a cellar got,  
A full cask with his fingers strike,  
    That a faint, hollow sound gave out ;

Whereon he cried, " Now that there in  
    This cask is nought but air, I'm sure,"  
And then another did begin  
    In the same manner to explore ;

But though there nothing, sooth to say,  
Would have inside that one been found,  
It never failed to yield, by way  
Of answering, a sonorous sound.

And so the little toper, speed  
To turn the cock on having made,  
Looked thunderstruck, as soon as he'd  
Not one wine-drop ooze out surveyed.

If not to a like surprise inclined,  
Be of those sentiments sceptical  
Which ring the loudest, lest you find  
They've nothing in them after all!

---

## FALLEN ON STONY GROUND.

*(Imitated from the French of J. PORCHAT.)*

One night, as they sat supping by their hearth,  
To his wife old Farmer Clawback thus held forth:  
"Oh! would our Giles could get that place, and we  
Him gamekeeper on this estate might see;  
Squire's bailiff 'tis who can dispose of it—  
Those pears will him, sure as a gun, delight,  
At dawn to-morrow fill your basket up,  
Best, at such times, have in the pan a sop,  
And tell him if he gets us what we crave  
That soon the choicest chasselas we shall have."  
"I'm in the know—" to say she did begin,  
But, at that moment, lo! their cottage in  
Entered the bailiff, with an air of joy,  
Who said, "All right! the place I've got your boy;

Giles is made gamekeeper." Heaven knows how  
bent

They were to thank him! At last, off he went.

Then, "He's a trump!" cried Clawback, moved to  
tears;

"To-morrow, dame, to market take those pears."



### EMPTY-HEADED.

At the boon autumn season when  
The labourers, in each harvest field,  
The teeming cereals ripened, then,  
To cut their whetted sickles wield,

An ear of corn whose head to rise  
Right up into the air was found,  
Did, for that reason, those despise  
Whose heads were drooping toward the ground;

Whereat said one of them, "You would  
My topper, sure, your head have not  
The power to carry high, if you'd  
It full of grains, like ours, got."

E'en like that cereal thus put down,  
The less it is with brains supplied,  
The more a human head is prone  
Held up to be, inflate with pride.

## PAILLASSE, THE SHOWMAN.

A PARADE SONG.

*(Imitated from the French.)*

Now is your time, don't throw away  
A chance like this, walk up, this way,  
And the menagerie regard ;  
The elephant that to take wing hastes,  
The eagle that prowls through the wastes,  
The lion that's in the ocean reared,  
The pelican fain her breast to bleed,  
That she the fry of fish may feed.  
One penny apiece is all that's due  
Down at the pay-place with your tin ;  
The rarest creatures we've on view.

Ladies and gents,  
Walk up, walk up, walk up,  
And enter in !

You'll the great serpent here perceive,  
The famed constrictor, all alive ;  
The very same it is that lost  
His life in the last prairie fire.  
Here, too, you'll see the leopard dire,  
Coming from Araby's far coast,  
An animal so full of spite  
That he'll 'gainst those who attack him fight.  
One penny apiece is all that's due  
Down at the pay-place with your tin ;  
The rarest creatures we've on view.

Ladies and gents,  
Walk up, walk up, walk up,  
And enter in !

And you, at the same time, can see  
A monster of such greed that he  
Gnaws everything, and sticks at naught,  
Be it lead, or iron, or steel, or tin ;  
Therefore, on that account, has been  
His wicker cage expressly wrought ;  
To us a man, inhabiting  
A desert island, did it bring.  
One penny apiece is all that's due  
Down at the pay-place with your tin ;  
The rarest creatures we've on view.  
Ladies and gents,  
Walk up, walk up, walk up,  
And enter in.

But there are creatures which for us  
To keep would be superfluous,  
For 'tis a fact none can deny  
That for such as the hog, bubblyjock,  
Or magpie none need here to look,  
Being in each town at liberty,  
While, as for gulls, some of you may  
E'en in your mirrors them survey.  
One penny apiece is all that's due  
Down at the pay-place with your tin ;  
The rarest creatures we've on view.  
Ladies and gents,  
Walk up, walk up, walk up,  
And enter in !

---

## SERVED WITH THE SAME SAUCE.

A tiger, for prey prowling, who  
Happened, at last, a bull that grazed  
Upon a salted mead to view,  
Felt his mouth water as he gazed,

But from the bull's mien, seeing that  
He could not by the horns be ta'en,  
Him into his clutches safe to get,  
To make a call on him was fain,

And, crouching, purr, "Dear friend, I hope  
You'll with your company me, to-night,  
Favour, on first chop lamb to sup,  
Fit for the snappiest appetite."

The bull, with the invite fetched, to go  
Towards the tiger's lair was fleet,  
But, just as he was entering, lo !  
How strange a sight his eyes did meet !

Here a vast copper, and there laid  
Great stores of furze and firewood ;  
Seeing which, on the hoof he 'gan to pad  
Away as quickly as he could.

"Come in !" his treacherous host howled, then,  
"You've scarce arrived than you appear  
Desirous to go home again ;  
Say of what is't you stand in fear?"

"Not I," the bull from far off mooed ;  
"Ne'er by the nose can I be led,  
And, though a lamb, no doubt one could  
Cook in a copper smaller made,

"That in yours, easily, I see  
A bull to cook one couldn't fail,"  
Saying which, the baffled tiger he  
Left the ground lashing with his tail,

The attacks of tigers who possess  
Of legs for crouching only two,  
With equal reason should be less  
Than their soft sawder feared by you.

---

### A MASHED BAKER.

*(Imitated from the French.)*

Oh, I say! oh, I say! oh, I say!  
The blues, by Jove!  
Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say! oh, I say! oh, I say!  
Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

She is a little puss, whose joy  
'Tis to laugh when my suit I plead;  
I love her like pure wheaten bread,  
She hates me like that made of rye.  
Oh, I say! oh, I say! oh, I say!  
The blues, by Jove!  
Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say! oh, I say! oh, I say!  
Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

Yet, quickly her to win, I trust,  
So e'er to her say upon my knees  
Accept me for a husband, please;  
For I'm, you see, all Upper Crust.  
Oh, I say! oh, I say! oh, I say!  
The blues, by Jove!



Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

'Tis all in vain, for, far from loving,  
To mock at a poor swain she's prone,  
While cold her heart is as a stone ;  
Mine is much warmer than an oven.  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    The blues, by Jove !  
Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

To hear me I can never bend her,  
But when my love would fain be told  
As a hard loaf that's eight days old,  
She treats my passion that's so tender.  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    The blues, by Jove !  
Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

My lovey dovey, ownest own,  
If my blonde Ceres you'll but say  
That you'll become, without delay,  
For you I'll mould a floury crown.  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    The blues, by Jove !

Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

In you, Miss, from whom I did make  
Sure that I should politeness meet,  
'Tis rude, when I call you my sweet,  
To tell me that I am a cake.  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    The blues, by Jove !  
Have heavy as dough on my heart weighed  
Oh, I say ! oh, I say ! oh, I say !  
    Since a barmaid  
Did put it in the kneading trough.

---

### CREEPING BULLIES.

A grain being carried by the wind  
To a thicket did to a young elm grow,  
Which certain brambles having twined  
    Their shoots the hostless arch below

That, ramping wrought their foliage dour,  
    Pressed with their prickles, and, in gloom,  
Closing the new-born's cradle o'er,  
    Hoped that in it 'twould find its tomb.

But lo ! across the arch at last  
    The sapling forced an opening free,  
Peered in the light, shot up, and fast  
    Became a vigorous leafy tree.

The brambles, then, that they like it  
Might rise, with their stems creeping, went  
Round it, and seemed as if t' entreat  
That 'twould them with a prop present.

"Oho!" the tree said, drily, "you're  
Lavish enough of your caresses,  
Now that the power not all your store  
Of thorns to stifle me possesses."

"We stifle you, *dear* sir," amid  
The brambles one, the knack who'd got  
Of crackling more than the others, did  
Protest, "we your destruction plot!"

"Indeed, we summer heats that wither  
And nipping winter apprehended  
On your account; and so from either  
Our shade your infancy defended."

How many thus, hardly you, when they  
See you down in the mud, dare treat  
Who, once you rise, with cheek, will pray  
You'lli their past friendship not forget.

---

## SHOWS OF SERVICE.

(*Imitated from the French of J. PORCHAT.*)

An ostler, who the provender was prone  
Of th' horses that were in his charge to bone,  
On the Q. T., by what they had not ate,  
Like all such rogues in grain made profits great.

When at the stable's back each luckless steed  
Did champ the chaff while waiting for the grain,  
He, ne'ertheless, a jolly life did lead,  
As, sometimes, when to starve are soldiers fain  
On the land's fat is the contractor fed;  
Well, th' horses got, long, being so ill-treated  
Small benefit. Of their flanks emaciated  
The pitiful appearance to conceal;  
This sharper, with his curry comb in hand,  
E'er them kept rubbing down, but to no end,  
And vainly on them did exhaust his skill.  
Beneath their hides, though smooth as velvet made,  
The bones each day more prominent were displayed.

"My lad," at length one of the team did cry,  
"Of your attentions why make such a show,  
And groom us that we to the dogs may go?  
Let's have some oats or else your comb put by!"

Ah! don't you oft find those one might compare  
To th' ostler, prone, beneath the name of friend,  
With a smooth tongue and a complaisant air,  
To claw you, while to peel you they intend?

---

### ARGUMENTUM BACULINUM.

A lion who on sheep, goats, and neat  
For years had satisfied his greed,  
Having at last himself o'ereat,  
Fell sick, and grew quite off his feed,

Then fearing he all flesh's way  
Was going, was in public fain  
A full confession, *sans* delay,  
To make of th' helpless beasts he'd slain,

And called on Heaven to witness that  
So truly contrite felt he for  
The past that 'twas his purpose set  
To go upon the prowl no more

And also issued a behest  
That there should by his subjects made  
Of their sins be as clean a breast  
And a like penitence displayed.

"Oh! but your majesty," whined then  
A jackal who for pandering  
To him notorious long had been,  
"Seeing of the beasts that you're the king,

"And also, seeing that e'en it has  
Been held that kings no wrong can do,  
It follows that, in doing as  
You did, no wrong's been done by you."

And thus, of the royal favour sure,  
The jackal ventured to admit  
That he, by hunger pressed, of yore,  
E'en graveyards ransacked food to get.

"Well," said the lion, feeling at  
His specious pleading gratified,  
"There's, after all, no harm in that  
Doing, which jackals always did."

And then, when thus the principle on,  
"Claw me and I'll claw thee," they'd acted,  
They from an ass that he should own  
His sins, without reserve, exacted.

"There's but this one," the poor worn creature  
Sighed, "to which I must guilty plead,  
I, graminivorous by nature,  
And by my master badly fed,

"After long collar work one day,  
While in a pub he liquored up,  
Was by a neighbouring stack of hay  
Tempted a wisp of it to crop."

"What, eat th' hay!" with his fiery peepers  
Turned up, the jackal quick did yell,  
"Why, doubtless if near'd been some reapers,  
He would have eaten them as well"

"Yes," roared the lion, "and by you  
Must for that crime be executed."  
On which the jackal straight th' ass slew,  
And with the lion then on it glugged.

E'en thus whenever those in power  
May be to bleeding acts inclined,  
For which they've not one pretext, sure  
Are they a score in straws to find.



## THE LAST STRAW.

A man who happened, with his ass,  
One sultry summer afternoon,  
In travelling, through a copse to pass  
Which thickly was with brush o'erstrewn

Said, glancing round, "Some faggots here  
I'll cut, for they'll make fuel for me,  
Whilst to what Neddy's got to bear  
They can no great addition be."

Saying which he stopped, then cut the wood,  
And on the ass's back it laid,  
Who though more bearing than he should  
Have borne, did on th' hoof cheerly pad.

"That's well," his master straight cried out,  
"That the wood was not, I was sure,  
Too heavy, and I've now no doubt  
That he can bear a little more."

Just then two stones the man did view,  
Which finding he could lift with ease,  
"They will," he said, "for building do,  
And Neddy's load can't much increase."

With which the stones a-top the wood  
Upon the ass's back he laid,  
Which load to bear, though scarce it could  
Be borne, he yet an effort made.

And then his master, feeling hot,  
His coat determined off to take,  
And to lay o'er the stones he'd put  
A-top the wood on Neddy's back.

But, lo! when this his master'd done  
Poor Neddy with protesting brays,  
Powerless his legs to keep upon,  
Fell, and no more himself could raise.

Then bawled his master, "Stupid ass!  
What! for so little to break down."  
"But," Neddy sighed, "that little was,  
You see, a great deal put upon."

The oppressive acts of those in power  
When men have long borne patiently,  
The last which forces them no more  
To suffer, thus the least may be.

---

## FIRST AND SECOND THOUGHTS.

*(Imitated from the French.)*

Whether one's first thoughts or one's second  
The best ought always to be reckoned  
Is a problem which appears to me  
To solve impossible to be.  
Yet, clearly, there are people who  
Ne'er'd make such blunders as they do  
If but their second thoughts you see  
Before their first could, somehow, be.

If someone on a coward's corn  
Should tread, in a furious rage to turn  
And send th' aggressor to the D—,  
Of course, his first thought that will be.  
But if the fellow's twice his size  
He'll bow, and then apologize  
For his own awkward *gaucherie*.  
That's through his second thought, you see.



To pick up at a crowded ball  
The curl his *fiancée's* let fall,  
And give it back to that ladye,  
A masher's first thought that will be.  
But, lest the gossips cry "Oh, lor!  
She's got false hair!" he pockets it, sure  
He'll ne'er be made recoveree.  
That's through his second thought, you see.

Meeting a schoolmate who, 'tis said,  
Has a colossal fortune made,  
To grasp the dear boy's hand with glee  
A sycophant's first thought that will be.  
But when he hears him say, "Old man,  
I'm hard up—lend me what you can,"  
He vows he can't spare one bawbee.  
That's through his second thought, you see.

On hearing that his fatherland  
Is threatened by a hostile band,  
How sweet to die for one's countrie!  
A Jingo's first thought that will be.  
But when he hears the cannon peal  
A sudden stomach-ache he'll feel,  
And from their leaden pills will flee.  
That's through his second thought, you see.

---

## NOT THERE.

"My years are but few, dear mother, and so  
Many things I can't yet be expected to know,  
But there are some, now, which I think that I ought  
By your longer experience of life to be taught ;

That all, in this world, act, is it manifest,  
In accordance with what has by them been pro-  
fessed?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A Sabbatist from going on Sundays by train  
Would artisans each week, pent in dim homes,  
restrain,  
In some public hall on Art's treasures to gaze,  
And the fragrance inhale of fresh flowers in the lays.  
Does he e'er pass his time, then, in pictureless  
rooms,  
Or in greenhouses that have been stript of all  
blooms?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A mawworm his eyes turning upward declares  
That those, who in theatres, plays seeing, the cares  
Of their lives to forget, for awhile, at least, try,  
Their time in a godless diversion employ,  
In those houses is he, where no routs one gives, or  
Which the Upper Ten never frequent to the fore?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A toad-eating spouter in sermons is prone  
The many back-slidings to hold forth upon,  
Of the ragged and starving, and no hesitation  
Will experience in dealing out on them damnation,  
Is he on one vice, in his pulpit, found hinting  
Of a scamp with the right to fat cures of present-  
ing?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A Pharisee for charity obtains vast repute,  
Because of the money he's known to devote,  
With so lavish a hand, to each mission fund which is  
Raised, dwellers in Afric to furnish with breeches,

Did one him in a street with his alms e'er perceive  
The needs of an Arab of London relieve?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A frothy bigpot is heard often orating  
On the crimes caused by drinks that are inebriating,  
Which he to prevent would closed have ev'ry pub,  
And thus of his beer would the poor man rob,  
Does he, dining alone at a West End club, sit  
At a table with no sparkling 'sham' upon it?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A Jingo to pose as a patriot is bent  
By incessantly urging that troops should be sent  
Some rich, foreign state, unprovoked, to invade,  
That his fatherland's prestige may greater be made,  
Will he for it his blood ever ready to shed,  
When a war's broken out, in the field show a  
head?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

"A legacy-hunter each morning fails ne'er  
Attendance to dance on a famed millionaire,  
Who, being laid up, he's the doctors heard say  
Will to Nature the debt before long have to pay  
Did one him at the bedside e'er tears shedding view  
Of any old friend dying not worth a sou?"

"Not there, not there, my child."

---

## LOVE'S FAVOURITE RESORT.

*(Imitated from an old French CHANSONETTE.)*

Fair Lucy asked of me, one day,  
Where tender Love one might perceive;  
I answered, "Everywhere's his sway,  
He's in all places wont to live,

Set in Aurora's car 'tis he  
Who's prompt to ope the gates of Day,  
By him, in turns, the sun, you see,  
Beam, kindle, and then die away.

Lover of all that Nature teems  
He dances with the playful herds,  
He murmurs with the purling streams,  
He warbles with the singing-birds,  
He's with the simple violet bloomed  
Prone 'neath the turf himself to hide,  
Having a butterfly's form assumed,  
By him a young girl is decoyed.

It is his fragrant breath that in  
The myrtle's flower, respiring shows,  
It is his freshness, and his sheen,  
That decks the opening damask rose  
But certain when that god to make  
Of our most tender homage tries,  
Your likeness, Lucy, he does take,  
And place himself in your sweet eyes !"

---

## OTHER PEOPLE'S MISFORTUNES.

A pie who for a moment out  
Of her nest looking chanced to be,  
Which, safe, she'd 'gainst invasion wrought  
With sharp thorns, on a neighb'ring tree,

Seeing into th' air an eagle rising  
That a hare in its grasp did bear,  
The sufferer's plaintive squeaks desprising,  
Began, thus, to make game of her,

“Well! I don’t pity you, since you but  
Yourself to blame have for this scrape;  
Why, having ears so sharp that not  
The faintest rustle of wings can ’scape,

And, then, such swift feet, and eyes, too,  
So prominently in your head stuck,  
That what’s behind you they can view,  
You should have had a run of luck.”

But lo! just then, a hawk that saw  
The chattering mag on her swooped down,  
And, soon, her agonizing caw  
Did th’ hare’s squeaks completely drown.

How many, thus, when, to ill-fate a prey,  
You’re grieving, are to prate inclined,  
Who’ll, first, be to cry out when they  
Themselves in like positions find.

---

## A TOO LITERAL INTERPRETATION.

*(Imitated from an old French Naïveté.)*

Within a shady bower, that’s close  
To the hamlet, Jacques was kissing Rose,  
The shepherdess,  
With gentleness,  
To stop him did try,  
Saying that so rude was this,  
And did him notify  
That she’d for aid cry.

Her collie-dog who'd this remarked,  
Thinking that 'twould oblige her, barked ;  
    The belle her crook,  
    Then quickly took,  
    And, cross being made  
By his rashness, she him struck ;  
    Thus, 'tis manifest made  
    How she cried for aid !

---

### THE SAME OLD GAME.

A curious game was oft, whene'er  
They in hot latitudes sailing were,  
    By mariners played of yore,  
In which when one King Arthur fain  
To represent his seat had ta'en  
    A tub of water o'er

In turn being t'him presented, " Hail !  
King Arthur," cried the rest, a pail  
    Of water o'er him flinging.  
But if the one presented had  
Smiled he changed places, and was made  
    To appear the *rôle* of King in.

How oft to make his Sovereign show  
Ridiculous by flooding so  
    With gush each courtier's prone,  
Yet ne'er were any yet who, while  
They did so, have the faintest smile  
    Upon their faces shown.

## MAKING A SHOW.

Of flowers that make a show none e'er  
Can with the hydrangea compare,  
Too big for bouquets, it's sole place  
A fashionable saloon to grace,  
And keeping what leaves it can yield  
By a group of scentless blooms concealed,  
Yet it the golden solar ray,  
In which 'twas fain to bask, will slay.  
Thus a fine lady knows no joys  
Save such as the Grand Monde supplies,  
Thus her real merit to hide's intent  
'Neath many a false sentiment,  
And thus the luxury that she  
Too much loved will her ruin be.

---

## THE TOY-SELLER.

See, here's a store of children's toys,  
With some fit for each bigger baby  
Who in its second childhood may be,  
Pay your money and take your choice.

Ah! giddy flirts, who feel no shame  
Your lovers with false hopes to mock,  
You'll find much interest in this game  
Of battledore and shuttlecock.  
Your rank has won, my gallant swell,  
That lovely mistress you adore,  
Come, buy this *souvenir* of your belle,  
A pink-cheeked dolly, stuffed with straw.

Than you, sir, who in Parliament  
The passing of just bills have tried  
With vain persistence to prevent,  
None better could a hobby ride.  
While you, who'd make complaints ring th' House  
through  
'Gainst trains in which worn artisans fare  
On Sundays Nature's works to view,  
This cap-and-bells would fitly wear.

You, crafty lawyer, who would fain  
Rich men to go to law compel,  
Sure of your costs, whoever gain,  
How much a kite is worth can tell.  
You, would-be saint, who vent your spleen  
On those who to a theatre go,  
Yet at gay soirées oft are seen,  
The value of a mask should know.

You who at being a soldier play,  
Yet sicken at the sight of blood,  
To deck your uniform so gay  
Must have a sword that's made of wood.  
While, Bagstock, you whose martial fire  
You burn that all the world may know,  
That object to attain, require  
A trumpet of your own to blow.

Loud preacher, who have doomed to Hell  
All those who durst your creed deny,  
The crowd could learn the Truth as well  
Did in your place this rattle lie.  
Your medicines, doctor, haply steel  
The wasted frame against Death's shafts,  
But "minds diseased" who'd solace feel  
Should take my patent box of draughts.



Young Verdant, who've lost every stake  
You'd on Monaco's tables laid,  
You, ere again your game you make,  
Should learn how fox and geese is played.  
Ah! black-eyed Sue, when o'er the sea  
With coming storms the heavens grow dark,  
How light Sweet William's heart would be  
If he had only got Noah's Ark.

Miss Tattle, whose astounding lies  
The fairest fame may chance to shake,  
Your viperous tongue must eulogise  
The tail of a sensation snake.  
And you, who wield your influence, squire,  
Progressive measures to oppose,  
And that Times ne'er would change desire,  
Would like a watch that never goes.

The murrain, Farmer Giles, among  
Your tender kine is oft displayed,  
E'en Thorley's Food can't make more strong  
My herds, for they're of iron made.  
'Cute Lady Marigold, who sets  
Her heart upon a wealthy match,  
Her drawing-room should line with nets  
Some silly gilded moth to catch.

Your youth, old Skewton, to renew,  
To Rougewell's shop you lately drove,  
As good as the Sahara dew  
My penny box of paints would prove.  
Last, frigid prude, who with an eye  
Of scorn views ev'ry amorous pair,  
Each evening to keep company  
With you, I've found a solitaire.

## THE GREASY POLE.

*(Imitated from the French.)*

"Life's like a Race," was said of yore,  
Wherein each seeks his destined goal,  
And yet, methinks, one might much more  
Compare it to a Greasy Pole,  
Which, though full many climb *sans* fear,  
But few the leg of beef attain,  
While th' envious spectators jeer  
At all whose efforts are in vain.

There's one more who couldn't, couldn't,  
Couldn't, couldn't win his stake,  
There's one more who's had a fall,  
And who missed it after all!

A creeping toady takes delight  
In flatt'ring with such anxious care  
His rich old uncle, that he quite  
Looks forward to being made his heir;  
But th' uncle's death how he regrets,  
And what he feels there's no expressing,  
On finding out that all he gets  
From the testator is—his blessing.

There's one more who couldn't, couldn't,  
Couldn't, couldn't win his stake,  
There's one more who's had a fall,  
And who missed it after all!

A place-hunting M.P. all thro'  
The Session without fail is found  
In either lobby prompt to show,  
Where'er th' official "whip" may sound;

But when some cosy sinecure,  
To pay him for his faithful vote,  
Just comes within his clutch secure,  
The Government he's served—goes out.

There's one more who couldn't, couldn't,  
Couldn't, couldn't win his stake,  
There's one more who's had a fall,  
And who missed it after all!

A slippery gambler, glad enough  
"To get a leg up," fain must woo  
And wed the only daughter of  
A banker deem'd rich as a Jew;  
But scarce does he entrust himself  
To th' aid of the connubial yoke,  
And fondly thinks to seize the pelf,  
When he hears that the bank—is broke.

There's one more who couldn't, couldn't,  
Couldn't, couldn't win his stake,  
There's one more who's had a fall,  
And who missed it after all!

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## A GREENGROCER'S SHOP.

Rich heiress, you, fain pride to take  
In the marriage contract you're not slow  
With a spendthrift nobleman to make,  
How green plums can be peeled will know.  
Miss Prate, you, whose sole occupation  
'Tis ev'ry scandalous tale to spread  
That taints another's reputation,  
Can't think a medlar's taste is bad.

You, sordid plaintiff, who appear  
'Gainst a defendant in a cause,  
Seeing that he has large means is clear,  
To assess a cabbage's cost won't pause ;  
And, specious lawyer, who how mean  
The quibbles you adopt won't mind,  
A verdict for your client to win,  
You in a cob no flaw will find.

Dull beaks prompt with each starving wretch,  
As a hardened criminal to deal,  
Who some stray game has chanced to catch,  
You'll dogberries worth preserving feel.  
From titled fools who vainly show  
The lineage from which they came,  
Their best part being the earth below,  
Potatoes needs must reverence claim.

You deeming it wrong on Sabbath days  
That worn cits should by train go where  
They'll joy on verdant fields to gaze,  
The sight of turnips won't forswear.  
Sour ascetics, you prone ill to speak  
Of all who're fond of seeing plays,  
While private routs you readily seek,  
The appearance of a crab will praise.

You, bitter fanatics, cursing those  
Who in the doctrines you profess  
Their disbelief may dare disclose,  
Where wormwood's seeds are sown can guess ;  
While you, base upstarts, who, through th' aid  
Of corruption, in such haste to rise  
From a low position have been made,  
How mushrooms best grow'll recognize.

## A HOLY SISTER OF THE PERIOD.

If she takes pride in wearing a plain gown  
Of costlier make than any in the town ;  
If she to go in mourning deems it proper  
When those die for whom she cared not a copper ;  
If to her parish church she wends her way  
For other people lengthy prayers to say ;  
And with none who its rites neglect will mix,  
Yet intercourse with churchgoing wrongdoers  
seeks ;

And for its altar broiders cloths with gold,  
Yet sees unmoved the ragged perish of cold ;  
And if to those who're starving, and who plead  
For penny loaves, gives penny tracts instead ;  
And leaves them *sans* remorse in their distress  
If the same creed as hers they won't profess ;  
If she subscribes to missions to the blacks,  
Yet th' ignorant whites of her own land neglects ;  
If she'd on Sundays stop th' excursion train,  
Yet then to take th' air in her brougham is fain ;  
And if she then would keep the cook-shops shut,  
Yet won't omit to have her own meals hot ;  
And would art's treasures in galleries hide from  
sight,

Yet not those with which her drawing-room is  
dight ;

If she upon playgoers deals out damnation,  
Yet finds in tea-fight scandal recreation ;  
Or if she plays in theatres godless calls,  
But godly when performed in gospel-halls ;  
If all unselfish pleasures she forswears,  
Yet's prompt in "specs" that pay to take large  
shares ;

Though owlish pietists say she is "so good,"  
I write her down a canting, double-faced prude !

## AN AQUARIUM.

You, Podsnap, who no merit find  
In th' usages of other lands,  
Since insular prejudice clouds your mind,  
What bullheads do your praise demands.  
You, parvenues, giving balls and *fêtes*  
To lure young lords, whom you'll by chance  
Your wooers make, should know what baits  
Have anglers round whom flat fish dance.

You, dabbler in the funds, who go  
On 'Change each day with anxious care,  
What consols may be worth to know,  
For you giltheads will interest bear.  
Ah ! black-eyed Sue, at sea by night,  
When mists the hopeful loadstar hide,  
How it would glad Sweet William's sight  
To see a pilot at his side.

'Cute senators, who a place to earn,  
Vote always with th' official whip,  
How to get on with ease will learn  
From suckers that stick to a ship ;  
While those who in the House, when they  
A motion make, 'tis but to try  
The cause of progress to delay,  
How slugs move must observe with joy.

You, plaintiff, who have damages claimed  
From a defendant that you knew  
Was for his ample fortune famed,  
Will for a shark most fitly sue ;  
You, scaly lawyer, who, a writ  
Being served, to many a cunning sleight  
Resort, that you may judgment get,  
Won't wonder how a jack can bite.

You, who denounce each Sunday train,  
By which their foul homes worn cits leave,  
New strength from pure sea air to gain,  
A cuddy'll your esteem receive ;  
And you, sour fanatic, who rail  
At those who theatres frequent,  
Yet at gay routs yourself regale,  
Will with a masked crab be content.

You who'd senatorial honours possess,  
And so'll fain take your tone from him  
Who owns a pocket borough, can guess  
What colours trout take when they'd swim.  
And you, squire, who being of the advance  
Of Time regardless, fain will at  
All go-ahead movements look askance  
Cannot as slow a doddiman rate.

You, oily cleric, respect who show  
For a warm wrong-doer *sans* demur,  
If he can a fat cure bestow  
A mackerel you'd, of course, prefer.  
You, fondly deeming that a priest  
Has got the power the ground to hallow  
In which you'll take your last long rest,  
Can't doubt how much a cod will swallow.

You, grum Lord Crutchstick, who despise  
Those lower in social rank, although  
They're your superiors otherwise,  
Cannot the spawn of smelts deem low.  
Dull rumbecks to have pulled up so quick  
Those who in e'en the least respect  
The letter of the law may break  
In shallows will no faults detect.

You, wealthy heiress, feeling proud  
In matrimony bound to be  
To a spendthrift with blue blood endowed,  
How gudgeons may be hooked can see.  
Fine ladies, prone in vain to show  
Long seasons through at each soirée,  
Since all your wooers you deem taboo,  
You'll ne'er the charms of hags gainsay.

Flush avowee, you prompt to hear  
The flattery of a spouter who  
For a living's bent to fish, 'tis clear  
How tickled is a loach will know.  
And you, who a cure, that you mayn't sell  
While void, a dying cleric put in  
The next presentation's worth to swell,  
Won't that a file's a loose fish ween.

You who durst no path of your own  
Strike out, but e'er where fashionists take  
The lead, to follow suit are prone  
Won't butts that swim in shoals forsake.  
Base upstarts, you who're secret fain  
To keep the means by which you'd skill  
To a high position to attain,  
A skipjack's rise with shame won't fill.

You, whose aspersions false as vile,  
Miss Prate, are cast on all alike,  
Heedless what fair fames you defile,  
Your slanders won't a cuttle strike;  
While those *sans* care how dirty they  
Their hands make when they'd power acquire,  
Can find out how to make their way  
From eels that wriggle through the mire.



## THE DOGMATISTS.

## AN OLD FABLE IN A NEW DRESS.

On a village fête day I'd just ta'en my place  
At a bird-fancier's window, when my gaze  
Fell on two drolls, as 'mid the rustics' laughter,  
One round the market-place ran th' other after.  
Three birds, joint denizens of a neighb'ring cage,  
But varying in the tints of their plumage—  
A parrot, canary, cardinal—all three  
Were looking at the mountebank, like me;  
The parrot exclaimed, "Oh! was there ever made  
A dress that had than his a lovelier shade,  
'Tis green as palms!" The cardinal said, "Why!  
The green, Miss Poll, is surely in your eye;  
What should the dress with such rare charms imbue?  
Simply, the fact that, without doubt, its hue  
Is like the Far West's sunset, vermil." "There I  
Differ, *in toto*," struck in the canary,  
"For than the colour of that dress, old fellow,  
The noon-gilt lemon's rind is not more yellow,  
And in that yellow all the desert lies."  
"'Tis red," "green," "yellow"—their discordant  
cries

All raised together till about the tone,  
The tone of either's voice had wrathful grown;  
At length an owl, who had the quarrel heard,  
With quiet contempt, as best becomes a bird  
That claims the reputation of a sage,  
In such wise spoke, "Don't get into a rage,  
My worthy friends, for th' actual truth to tell,  
The dress is yellow, red, and green as well;  
Like bigots, of their own opinions vain,  
Who on a question that they're right maintain

And all who take a different view rebuke,  
Though they on only one side of it look—  
So each of you was obstinately blind  
To any tint but that most to his mind."

### PIOUS APERY.

A parson kept an ape, so History says,  
Who was so fond of following him where'er  
He chanced to bend his steps, that on the days  
He preached to shut his pet up he took care.

One day, howe'er, to church th' ape, unseen, made  
His way, and to the sounding-board above  
The pulpit climbed with stealthy, noiseless tread,  
Nor till the sermon was begun did move;—

But then to th' edge he crept, and, looking o'er  
His master, all his actions imitated  
In so grotesque a manner that a roar  
Of laughter burst from all there congregated;—

At which the parson, being beyond measure shocked,  
In good set terms reproved them, but in vain;  
For each fierce gesture th' ape so closely mocked  
That none now louder laughter could restrain;—

Until at length, by a friend of his, the source  
Of this strange conduct to him being revealed,  
His far too faithful follower was, of course,  
From out the sanctuary summarily expelled.

Yet, now, how many who'd have that ape derided  
In any action of their lives all through  
E'er think of being by their own Reason guided,  
But all a priest does deem 'tis right to do!

## AN ERPETOLOGICAL COLLECTION.

Rich heiress, you who manifest  
The pride you feel on being mated  
With a spendthrift of high rank possessed,  
Can tell where green loggerheads are netted.  
Miss Tattle, you whose clack all round  
The town is heard, while, far and near,  
Your backbites sensitive natures wound,  
Will ken how rattlesnakes' tails appear.

You, covetous plaintiff, who proceed  
In a vexatious suit because  
Defendant's wealth excites your greed,  
Can value a bloodsucker's jaws.  
And, subtle lawyer, who *sans* care,  
So that your client's case succeed,  
Will to the vilest shifts repair,  
'Twill glad your sight to see snakes feed.

You, squire, who've by each vote made clear  
Which you have given in Parliament,  
That go-ahead movements you forswear,  
Will with a snail's motions be content.  
While you, my honourable friend,  
Whose views aye take their tone from those  
Who office hold, will comprehend  
What colours a chameleon shows.

You, fatuous millionaire, who'd fain  
To some fine lady haste to make  
An offer, should first ascertain  
How boas caress those whom they'll break.  
And, my Lord Crutchstick, you, who vain  
Of the title you've inherited,  
Your lowlier fellow-beings disdain,  
Will on a lob forbear to tread.

You, spiritual mummers, who deem it right  
That all from playgoing should abstain  
Yet to haunt private routs delight,  
Mawworms can't fail to entertain.  
Glum ascetics, you who'd artisans stay  
From going by train to where they might  
On Sundays sun-lit skies survey,  
Of saturnists will not make light.

You, smooth-tongued parson, who're not slow  
With th' affluent to curry favour,  
Who've got church property, will guess how  
To get a living cobras slaver.  
And, pluralists, you to whine so prone  
About th' improvidence of the poor,  
While many fat cures of souls you own,  
Can't feign why a crocodile cries t' ignore.

You, circumlocutionists, who impede  
The course of Justice with slow forms,  
When of prompt aid it stands in need,  
Will attention pay to red-tape-worms.  
While sinecure-seekers, though through slime  
Each step they take is sure to be,  
Can learn how to a high place to climb,  
Seeing paddocks sticking to a tree.

You, purse-proud parvenu, prompt with zest  
The power that you've attained to show  
How parasites that their tails infest  
By guanas are ignored should know.  
Vile upstarts who, though so highblown  
At basking in the sunshine now,  
But lately in the mud were down,  
Your pride you'll in a muckworm show.

You who the ruin have in your eye  
Of those you could so easily charm,  
That on your goodwill they rely,  
A basilisk's look will not alarm.  
And, slippery shufflers, you who break  
The confidence in you reposed,  
When, thus, your interests sure you make,  
Won't let a cop's trail be disclosed.

You, foul-mouthed bigot, prompt to vent  
Your virulence on all professing  
From your fierce doctrines to dissent,  
'Twill please to hear a viper hissing.  
And you, cold-blooded crawlers, fain  
To be for aid to those appealing,  
Whom soon you'll with your venom pain,  
Will know how adders show their feeling.

---

## A FANCY ON THE DANUBE.

It is Night, no starry glimmer  
Breaks the grim obscurity,  
While I watch the Danube river,  
Darkly running,  
Running onward,  
In its course towards the Sea.

But the rosy morn returning,  
'Neath whose rays the shadows flee,  
Shows the sunlit river running,  
Blithely running,  
Running onward,  
To the radiant Pontic Sea.

So let us believe, however  
Dark and drear our lives may be,  
That they're like the river running,  
    Swiftly running,  
    Running onward,  
To the Ever-shining Sea.

---

## THE REALLY REVEREND.

" At a time when the heretic world denies  
That the Liturgy's perfect, and it to revise  
    From beginning to end has striven,  
Will limning sun-flowers teach men to pray,  
Or a pictured sky reveal the way  
    To fit themselves for Heaven ?

" When scoffers declare church-preachers dull,  
And their homilies only fit to lull  
    To sleep their congregations,  
What on earth is the use of the actor's art  
That fills the raptured listener's heart  
    With generous inspirations ?

" When so many in th' infidel ranks are found  
Whose wavering faith was shocked at the sound  
    Of the Athanasian curses,  
That the truest religion must disavow  
The gloom of the bigot, why trouble to show  
    By the aid of thoughtful verses ? "

'Twas thus, in my sceptical way, I sighed,  
When a voice within with such warmth replied,  
That I wish that my pen could show it :  
“ Whoever has laboured to lighten Life's load  
Has on his fellows a boon bestowed,  
Be he painter, or player, or poet,  
And should be revered far more than a lot  
Of those who've the title of reverend got,  
Though their followers feign not to know it ! ”

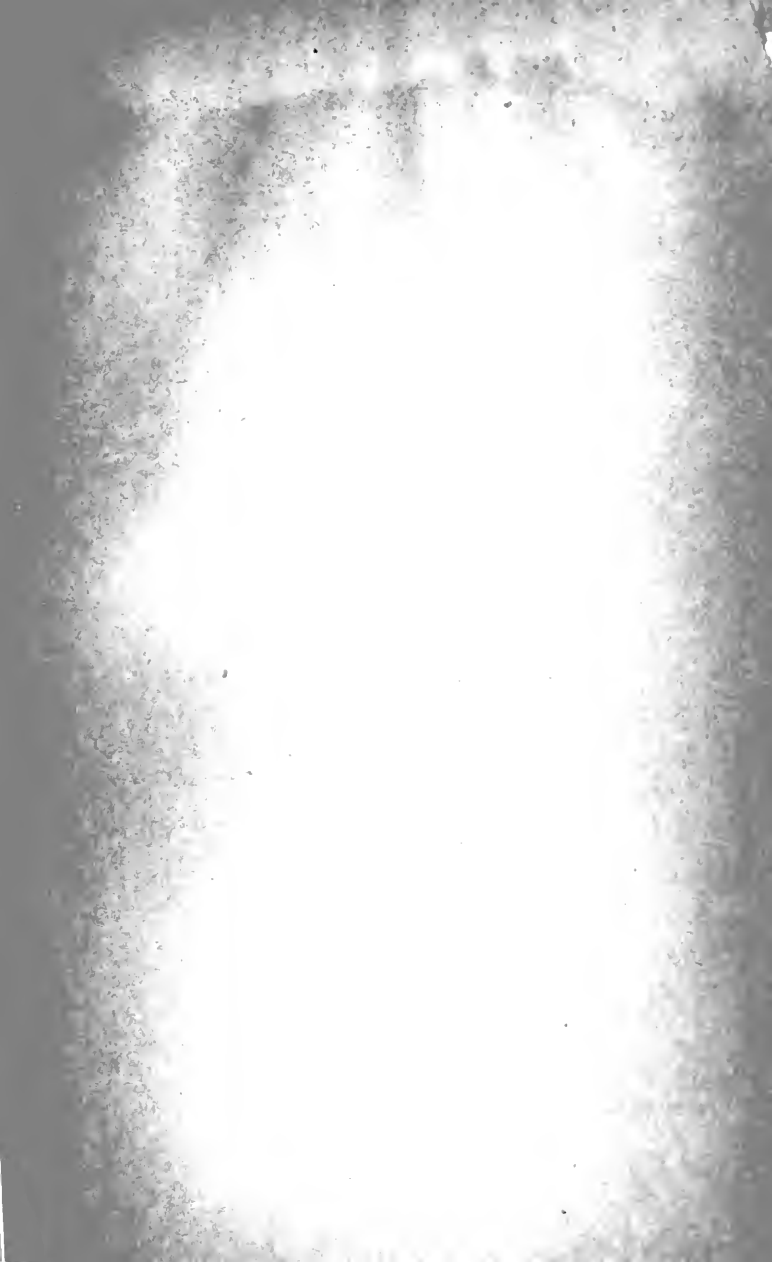
THE END.











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